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FIFTY YEARS' PEACE.

THE opening of an Anglo-French Exhibition at the Crystal Palace has been made a pretext for celebrating a "Peace Jubilee." Except, perhaps, officers who have their career to make in the Army or Navy, and think of nothing but promotion, we do not suppose there is anyone in Great Britain who is not fully alive to what are called "the blessings of peace;" and the advantage of not having had a set-to with France for half a century is so obvious, that it is difficult to say anything at all about the matter without falling into commonplace. It is, of course, much better that two men should shake hands and do business together to the profit of both than that they should seek to cut one another's throats; and when their friendly intercourse has lasted for fifty years, there can be no harm in their commemorating its long continuance. As with individuals, so with nations. At the same time, the good understanding that has existed for so considerable a period between France and England ought not to be mistaken for a universal league of brotherhood among all the nations of Europe. This is the error into which Dr. Emerton, who opened the Peace Exhibition with an inappropriate prayer, has fallen. He cries "Peace, peace!" when, in point of fact, there has been next to no peace in Europe during the last fifty years.

England, it is true, has not gone to war with her next-door neighbour, and that is enough for Dr. Emerton. Not having been engaged in hostilities with France, we



EDWARD WHYMPERS, THE ONLY ENGLISH SURVIVOR OF THE MATTERHORN CATASTROPHE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. AND C. WATKINS.)

have been able to live quietly and comfortably, without any danger of invasion; or, to quote the words of Dr. Emerton's prayer, we have been able to sit "under our own vine and under our own fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid." Nevertheless, Prince Gortschakoff during the Polish, and M. de Bismarck during the Danish, negotiations, both showed themselves capable of "making us afraid" to pursue the course of policy we had entered upon. Not much "daring," perhaps, was involved in this; but, such as it was, it was ventured upon, and with remarkable success.

Having congratulated us on being in such a position that no one is bold enough to try to terrify us, Dr. Emerton goes on to observe—always in the form of prayer—that "the blessings of peace are spread widely around us," and that "kings and queens are learning that the true source of national prosperity is the union of the peoples in the bond of universal brotherhood, whilst their own real power is best secured by the possession of the hearts and feelings of those who are subject to their authority and dominion."

Now, how can it be said that "the blessings of peace are spread widely around us," when Denmark has just been dismembered, and Austria and Prussia are still quarrelling over the spoil; when Poland is bleeding at every pore from the wounds inflicted upon her in the late insurrection; when politicians are divided in opinion as to whether the approaching meeting of the



INAUGURATION OF THE WELSH MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT: PRINCE ARTHUR LEAVING THE HOTEL AT TENBY.—SEE PAGE 87.

Hungarian Diet will lead to a reconciliation with Austria or to civil war; and when the Italians are maintaining an immense army, at a ruinous cost, with the avowed intention of invading Venetia as soon as the occasion may present itself, and of seizing Rome at the death of the Pope?

If we look beyond Europe, have the inhabitants of the United States been enjoying "the blessings of peace" recently, and are they not at least as much to us as Frenchmen, who, though they may not "dare to make us afraid," have very little real sympathy with the English, such as a large number of the Americans undoubtedly feel? The Mexicans are, of course, not worth considering; otherwise no particular cause for peace jubilation would seem to exist in Mexico, where fighting is by no means at an end. But, as the French are not at war with us, the fact that they are carrying on war in Mexico ought not, we suppose, to be looked upon as interfering in any way with their claims (put forward for them by Dr. Emerton) to pass for a nation at peace with all the world. Brazil and Paraguay are so far off that they may almost be treated as if no such States were known. Nevertheless, we remember to have read, some ten days ago, an account of an action in which the fleet of Brazil sank that of Paraguay, from which we conclude that these States, such as they are, are not at peace. It is said, too, that rebellion and war are going on in China; and it is not very long since England herself was engaged in suppressing an insurrection in New Zealand—if, indeed, she has yet succeeded in doing so.

So much for the peaceful state of the world at the present time and during the last few years. We have not to go back many years more to come to the Italian Campaign, the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimean War—struggles in which pacific France and pacific England shed torrents of blood. In the Crimean War England and France did not, it is true, fight against one another. But they lost numbers of men fighting side by side, and almost uselessly; for, before the war was quite at an end, France and Russia were on better terms than France and England. Going back still further, we find that, since 1815, the year in which the general and permanent pacification of Europe is supposed to have been effected, every country in Europe has been engaged in war. The allied troops had only just ceased their occupation of France when the French invaded Spain, to settle a dynastic question by force of arms. Soon afterwards both Spain and Portugal were distracted by civil war. In 1828 Russia invaded Turkey. In 1830 Poland rose unavailingly against Russia; and in the same year Belgium rose against and became separated from Holland. In the mean time, after repeated insurrections in Greece against the Turks, a Greek kingdom had been formed, while all struggles for liberty on the part of the Italians had been suppressed, in their own provinces, in the kingdom of Naples, and in the various duchies, by the Austrians.

The year 1848 saw insurrections in every part of Europe except free England and despotic, iron-bound Russia. The insurrection of Hungary against Austria was only put down by the forces of Austria and Russia combined, and the lamentable effects of the struggle upon the Hungarians are acutely felt even now.

The history of the last fifty years has been marked by something worse, even, than regular war. It has been characterised, above all, by the painful endeavours made by the people in nearly every part of Europe to free themselves from the dominion, just or unjust, of their rulers. As for us, it becomes us, undoubtedly, to be grateful for the happiness and prosperity that we have enjoyed in England during this trying period. But let us speak for ourselves alone, and let us remember that, though the word "peace" has really a joyful signification to us, to other nations less fortunately situated it means simply inability to rescue themselves from their present state of suffering.

THE LATE CATASTROPHE ON THE MATTERHORN.

MR. EDWARD WHYNTER, the only survivor of the party of English tourists who met with the fatal accident on the Matterhorn by which three of their number and a guide lost their lives, has supplied the following account of the melancholy affair to the *Times* :—

"On Wednesday morning, July 12, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Theodule to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossed the Furgge glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel at the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow, and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attack the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time, with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps, and, as well as I remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was 'Mr. Hadow has done Mont Blanc in less time than most men.' He then mentioned several other excursions that were unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, 'I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us.' This was an excellent certificate given us, as it was by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question. We then went into the matter of guides. Michael Croz was with Messrs. Hadow and Hudson, and the latter thought if Peter Taugwalder went as well that there would not be occasion for anyone else. The question was referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

"We left Zermatt at 5.35 on Thursday morning, taking the two young Taugwalders as porters, by the desire of their father. They carried provisions amply sufficient for the whole party for three days, in case the ascent should prove more difficult than we anticipated. No rope was taken from Zermatt, because there was already more than enough in the chapel at Lac Noir. It has been repeatedly asked, 'Why was not the wire rope taken which Mr. Hudson brought to Zermatt?' I do not know. It was not mentioned by Mr. Hudson, and at that time I had not even seen it. My rope alone was used during the expedition, and there was—first, about 200 ft. of Alpine Club rope; second, about 150 ft. of a kind I believe to be stronger

than the first; third, more than 200 ft. of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind used by myself until the club rope was produced.

"It was our intention on leaving Zermatt to attack the mountain seriously—not, as has been frequently stated, to explore or examine it—and we were provided with everything that long experience has shown to be necessary for the most difficult mountains. On the first day, however, we did not intend to ascend to any great height, but to stop when we found a good position for placing the tent. We mounted accordingly very leisurely, left the Lac Noir at 8.20, and passed along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the actual peak, at the foot of which we arrived at 11.20, having frequently halted on the way. We then quitted the ridge, went to the left, and ascended by the north-eastern face of the mountain. Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 ft.; but Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons went on to look what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. The remainder constructed the platform on which the tent was to be placed, and by the time this was finished the two men returned, reported joyfully that, as far as they had gone, they had seen nothing but that which was good, and asserted positively that had we gone on with them on that day we could have ascended the mountain and have returned to the tent with facility. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and, when the sun went down, giving as it departed a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, myself coffee, and we then retired, each one to his blanket bag; the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. But long after dusk the cliffs aboveechoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides; for we were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity.

"We were astir long before daybreak on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was possible to move, leaving the youngest of Taugwalder's sons behind. At 6.20 we had attained a height of 12,800 ft. and halted for half an hour, then continued the ascent, without a break, until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty minutes, at a height, probably, of about 14,000 ft. Thus far we had ascended by the north-eastern face of the mountain, and had not met with a single difficulty. For the greater part of the way there was, indeed, no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. We had now arrived at the foot of that part which from Zermatt seems perpendicular or overhanging, and we could no longer continue on the same side. By common consent, therefore, we ascended for some distance by the *arête*—that is, by the ridge descending towards Zermatt—and then turned over to the right, or to the north-western face. Before doing so, we made a change in the order of ascent; Croz now went first, I followed, Hudson came third, Hadow and old Taugwalder were last. The change was made because the work became difficult for a time and required caution. In some places there was but little to hold, and it was, therefore, desirable those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than 40 deg.; and snow had, consequently, accumulated and filled up the irregularities of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times coated with a thin glaze of ice, from the snow above having melted and frozen again during the night. Still, it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We found, however, that Mr. Hadow was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance; but no one suggested that he should stop, and he was taken to the top. It is only fair to say that the difficulty experienced by Mr. Hadow at this part arose not from fatigue or lack of courage, but simply and entirely from want of experience. Mr. Hudson, who followed me, passed over this part, and, as far as I know, ascended the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him on any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz, or received a pull, I turned to give the same to Hudson; but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. This solitary difficult part was of no great extent—certainly not more than 300 ft. high—and, after it was passed, the angles became less and less as we approached the summit; at last the slope was so moderate that Croz and myself detached ourselves from the others and ran on to the top. We arrived there at 1.40 p.m., the others about ten minutes after us.

"I have been requested to describe particularly the state of the party on the summit. No one showed any signs of fatigue, neither did I hear anything to lead me to suppose that anyone was at all tired. I remember Croz laughing at me when I asked him the question. We had, indeed, been moving less than ten hours, and during that time had halted for nearly two. The only remark which I heard suggestive of danger was made by Croz, but it was quite casual, and probably meant nothing. He said, after I had remarked that we had come up very slowly, 'Yes; I would rather go down with you and another guide alone than with those who are going.' As to ourselves, we were arranging what we should do that night on our return to Zermatt.

"We remained on the summit for one hour, and during the time Hudson and I consulted, as we had done all the day, as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order while I was making a sketch of the summit, and they were waiting for me to be tied in my place, when some one remembered we had not left our names in a bottle. They requested me to write them, and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed, catching them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part described above. The greatest care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time. When he was firmly planted the next advanced, and so on. The average distance between each was probably 20 ft. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was made entirely on account of Mr. Hadow, and I am not sure it even occurred to me again.

"I was, as I have explained, detached from the others and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there was a slip Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's life.

"As far as I know, at the moment of the accident no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders, it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavouring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of

nearly 4000 ft. in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

"For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralysed by terror, cried like infants and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had descended to a safe place I asked for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching I had not noticed the rope they employed, and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its fraying over a rock; this is not the case, it broke in mid-air, and the end does not show any trace of previous injury.

"For more than two hours afterwards I thought every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from one or the other at any moment. I do the younger man, moreover, no injustice when I say that, immediately we got to the easy part of the descent, he was able to laugh, smoke, and eat as if nothing had happened. There is no occasion to say more of the descent. I looked frequently, but in vain, for traces of my unfortunate companions, and we were in consequence surprised by the night when still at a height of 13,000 ft. We arrived at Zermatt at 10.30 on Saturday morning.

"Immediately on my arrival I sent to the President of the commune and requested him to send as many men as possible to ascend heights whence the spot could be commanded where I knew the four must have fallen. A number went, and returned after six hours, reporting they had seen them, but that they could not reach them that day. They proposed starting on Sunday evening, so as to reach the bodies at daybreak on Monday; but, unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. McCormick and myself resolved to start on Sunday morning. The guides of Zermatt, being threatened with excommunication if they did not attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several, at least, I am sure this was a severe trial; for they assured me with tears that nothing but that which I have stated would have prevented them from going. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Philpotts, of Rugby, however, not only lent us their guide, Franz Andermatten, but also accompanied us themselves. Mr. Puller lent us the brothers Lochmatter; F. Payot and J. Tairraz, of Chamounix, also volunteered. We started with these at two a.m. on Sunday, and followed the route we had taken on Thursday morning until we had passed the Hörnli, when we went down to the right of the ridge and mounted through the seracs of the Matterhorn glacier. By 8.30 we had got on to the plateau at the top, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale, and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached; they had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind; but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing. To my astonishment I saw that all of the three had been tied with the club, or with the second and equally strong, rope, and consequently there was only one link—that between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas—in which the weaker rope had been used."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor of the French will not visit Paris on the 15th as was expected, but will spend the day at the Camp of Châlons. There is a rumour that his Majesty will go to Brest to see the English squadron, but nothing is at present settled on the subject.

The report of the committee appointed, under the presidency of the Empress, to inquire into the penitentiary system adopted with young convicts in the department of the Seine has been published. It decides against the course of treatment pursued in La Roquette prison, and in favour of the agricultural colony system.

The official reports of the Governor of Cochin-China state that the moral influence of France has become greater and stronger since the definitive nature of the French establishment in that country has been known to the natives. Several rebel chiefs have given in their submission.

A circular has been issued by the Minister of the Interior dwelling upon the admirable tranquillity with which the municipal elections have been conducted, and the tendency to harmony among the electors by a mutual sacrifice of their exclusive pretensions. "With the Government," continues the circular, "there cannot be either vanquished or victors. We receive with the same cordiality the re-elected and newly elected. May the conciliatory sentiment which presides at the elections survive and perpetuate itself among the councillors!" The whole tone of the document is decidedly liberal.

SPAIN.

It is reported from Madrid that an understanding has been come to between the O'Donnell Ministry and the Progressist party, and that the latter will now abandon their policy of abstention from public affairs. The state of affairs in St. Domingo is occupying the serious attention of the Government.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Schleswig-Holstein question is apparently approaching a critical juncture. The high-handed and quite illegal proceedings of Prussia in the duchies have evoked a very energetic protest from the committee of the associations, and something very like an appeal to the rest of Germany to protect them from the oppression of the Berlin Government. Meanwhile von Bismarck, through his own organ, the *North German Gazette*, gives a revelation of his policy to the German Diet in unequivocal terms, Bavaria, Saxony, and Hesse-Darmstadt had given notice of an apparently proper question, touching the period when the constitutional estates of Holstein are to be convoked; and, in answer, the Prussian Minister tells them almost in so many words that the question is impertinent and beyond the competence of the Diet; that Prussia does not want any assistance from them in governing the duchies; and that they had better remain quiet and orderly, or otherwise their political existence may disappear with that of the Diet itself. The opinion of the Prussian Crown lawyers is dead against the validity of the Duke of Augustenburg's claims.

THE UNITED STATES.

Our advices from New York reach to the 29th ult. The President had ordered the release of all the remaining Confederate military prisoners, including general officers, upon their subscribing to the oath of allegiance and giving paroles. The Confederate officers in Fort Warren, including Generals Kershaw, Marmaduke, Corse, and Major Harry Gilmore, had been released on these conditions. The only remaining prisoners in Fort Warren were Vice-President Stevens and Postmaster-General Regan.

Secretary Stanton had annulled all orders by the military commanders which impose restrictions upon the negro and do not apply to the whites as well. The Connecticut State Legislature, previous to adjourning, had adopted a resolution declaring that the United States Government ought never to recognise any Government imposed upon any nation on the American Continent by a European Power; also a resolution that the Government ought not to profess friendship towards nations which have sympathised with the Southern rebellion. Mr. Seward had sent a despatch to the American Ambassador in France intimating that the United States Government left itself at liberty to deal with the Mexican question at a suitable opportunity.

Letters from General Steele's headquarters, at Clarksville, Texas, of the 11th ult., state that the utmost unfriendliness existed between the United States and the Imperial Mexican troops on the Rio Grande, frequently resulting in personal encounters when soldiers of either army crossed to the opposite bank of the river. The same letters state that General Brown, at Brownsville, had promised

to assist President Juarez, and had ordered a regiment to cross the river for that purpose, but that General Steele had countermanded the order.

The War Department had established a bureau for the collection, preservation, and publication of Confederate archives.

The conflict of authority between the courts and the freedmen's commission in Alexandria, Virginia, previously reported, had been settled by the establishment of a Freedmen's Court for the adjudication of all cases in which negroes are concerned.

Accounts from both Fortress Monroe and Washington state that Mr. Jefferson Davis is now permitted frequent exercise about the ramparts and interior of the fortress.

Attorney-General Speed had declared that cotton or other property in the Southern States belonging to local or neutral owners, which has fallen into the possession of the Government, cannot, according to the Acts of Congress, be restored to such owners, except upon the decision of the Court of Claims, as constituted by Congress.

Disturbances between returned soldiers and civilians had occurred in Philadelphia, Chicago, and other northern cities, attended in each instance with loss of life.

The Government had determined to retain possession of Ford's Theatre in Washington, and pay rent for it until the 1st of February. If by that time Congress shall not have authorised its purchase, it will be restored to its proprietors.

The iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*, the construction of which was commenced at New York in 1863, had been successfully launched. Her armament will consist of four 15-inch Rodman and fourteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns, mounted in a bombproof casemate on deck.

INDIA.

According to advices from India to July 9, commercial prospects were improving at Bombay, the cash balances at the bank were increasing, and a great improvement had taken place in the price of shares. A civil war had broken out between the rival chiefs on the Bhootan frontier, and the fighting with the English had been deferred till the next cold season. A great battle is said to have been fought between the Powers of Cabul and Candahar, in which the heir apparent of Cabul and the head of the Candahar party were killed. It is also said that the Kokund ruler has been slain by Tartars, and that the Khan of Bokhara had assumed the sovereignty of his country.

CHINA AND JAPAN

Fresh troubles, or old ones revived, are said to be besetting Prince Kung at Peking. The Tartar General, Sankolinsin, infamous for his cruelty to the European captives during the Chinese war, has been killed in an engagement with the rebels. The daring adventurer, Burgevine, has been captured near Amoy, while making his way to the rebel lines, and is now a prisoner at Foochow.

From Japan it is reported that commercial affairs are progressing in a satisfactory manner, and that the Tycoon had reviewed 100,000 troops preparatory to an attack upon Prince Nagato. Prince Satsuma, it was rumoured, intended to take the part of Nagato.

THE CATTLE PLAQUE.

The following letter relating to the cattle plague has been addressed to the Clerk of the Privy Council by Professor Simonds, of the Royal Veterinary College:—

Royal Veterinary College, Aug. 3.

Sir,—I beg to submit for your consideration the following suggestions, which have for their object the arresting of the cattle plague, which, unfortunately, is now prevailing in several parts of the country as well as in the London dairies. Under such circumstances, it is much to be feared that, unless farmers, stockowners, cattle-dealers, and others, whose interests are immediately involved, cordially co-operate in the endeavour to quickly exterminate the disease wherever it may appear, it may assume a magnitude rightly to be regarded as a great national calamity. For this end it is important that all persons should know:—

Firstly.—That the disease specially belongs to the ox tribe, and that it has never been known to attack any other domesticated animal.

Secondly.—That it is the most infectious, as well as the most fatal, of all diseases attacking cattle; and that it lies dormant in the system from seven to ten days, or often longer, before the animal gives any indications of being infected.

For these reasons it is imperatively necessary that the following precautions be observed:—

1. That all newly-purchased cattle of every kind be kept apart from others for a period of not less than twelve to fourteen days.
2. That every cattle-owner keep a strict watch over his stock, so as to recognise the first indications of the disease; and, as soon as any of these are manifested, call to his assistance the professional aid of a veterinary surgeon. The early symptoms of the disease are usually a remarkably dull and dispirited condition of the animal, which will stand with its head hanging down, ears drawn back, and coat staring, refusing all food, and occasionally shivering. A watery discharge flows from the eyes and nostrils. The skin is hot, but sometimes chilly, the temperature varying from time to time. The extremities are cold, the breathing short and thick, being not unfrequently accompanied with moaning as an indication of pain. A slight cough is sometimes present. The inner part of the upper lip and roof of the mouth is reddened and covered with raw-looking spots. The bowels are occasionally constipated, but in most instances diarrhoea soon sets in, the evacuations being slimy and very frequently of a dirty yellow colour. The prostration of strength is great, the animal staggering when made to move. In milk cows the secretion of milk is rapidly diminished, and soon ceases altogether.
3. That all infected cattle be instantly removed from the healthy and placed in situations as far from them as possible. As a further precaution, it would be well to have the healthy washed and cleansed.
4. That no cattle the subjects of this disease be allowed to remain in any meadow or pasture field unless they can be perfectly isolated from all other cattle, as well as kept at a distance of not less than a hundred yards from all roads along which cattle may be driven.
5. That every animal which is violently attacked with the disease be killed at once, and buried without delay, and that the skin be placed in some disinfecting fluid before being sent off the premises.
6. That no cattle be allowed to go near to the burial-places until several weeks have elapsed.
7. That no person who has the charge of the sick cattle be allowed to go near the healthy ones, and that all indirect communication between the infected and the healthy be strictly prevented.
8. That no fodder or straw which has been used about the infected be taken to other animals, or even thrown into the fold-yard or upon the manure heap until it be first well sprinkled with chloride of lime or some other disinfecting powder. When practicable it is desirable that all such fodder and straw should be burnt.
9. That all sheds and stables in which diseased cattle have been located be thoroughly washed, cleansed, and ventilated, and likewise disinfected by whitewashings and quick lime, before any other cattle are placed therein; and that during their occupancy by the diseased all manure and evacuations be mingled with some disinfecting agent before being taken away.
10. That all railway cattle-trucks, station-pounds, ships used in the cattle trade, wharves, and other places where cattle are brought together be kept as clean as possible by frequent washings, and that disinfectants be used whenever there is reason to believe that they have been occupied by diseased cattle.
11. That no store stock, milking cows, or cattle of any kind which have been exposed to the influence of the infection, by being located with the diseased, be sent to any fair or market in less time than a month after such exposure; and that in all cases in which it is determined to stay the progress of the disease by killing animals so exposed, they being at the time believed to be fit for human food, the animals be sent direct to the slaughter-house, when not killed on the premises of the owner.

At the instance of the Committee of Privy Council the Board of Trade have issued a circular to the railway companies throughout the United Kingdom drawing their attention to the fact that the extension of the cattle disease is likely to be much aggravated by the traffic on railways, unless the utmost attention is paid to the cleansing and disinfecting of all trucks, cattle-sheds, and places where live stock are put upon trains. They, therefore, urge upon the companies the absolute necessity of using all the means in their power, in these and other respects, to aid in preventing the spread of the murrain, which has already committed such devastation among our flocks and herds, and threatens to be still more destructive in its effects if prompt measures be not taken to arrest its progress. The instructions of the Board of Trade have not been issued one minute too soon. Had they appeared a fortnight ago it would have been better; but it now remains for the railway authorities to perform their duty, and we trust they will not be dilatory in their motions, or do their part of the work in a negligent and inefficient manner.

Mr. Gibbins, chairman of the Committee of the Corporation of London, which has sole control over the cattle market at Islington,

attended at the Justice-room of the Mansion House on Tuesday, and stated the steps which had been taken to thoroughly cleanse that and other markets. Hitherto the prevalent opinion, and it is one supported by high authority, has been that the disease is of foreign introduction; but the inquiries formally instituted by the Markets Committee rather lead to the conclusion that it is of home origin, and that chiefly in the dairies; for up to Saturday last no foreign beasts had been affected in the markets, nor had any been condemned at the depôts on arriving in England. One gentleman examined by the committee gave information which tended to show that in Somerset it had manifested itself as an epidemic. At Islington the cattle-pens, lairs, and ropes have been saturated with chloride of lime at intervals, milch cows have been separated from all other cattle, and the English and foreign stock kept apart. Amongst salesmen there was a difference of opinion with regard to the nature of the disease, some thinking it to be contagious and others that it is not.

A return recently made to the Markets Committee shows an extraordinary increase of the importation of foreign cattle into London during the past three years, and particularly last year. In 1862 the number of English cattle sold in the Metropolitan Cattle Market was 249,051, and of foreign cattle, 51,466; in 1863 the numbers were, English, 229,392; foreign, 80,238; and in 1864 there were sold, English, 220,294; and foreign, 119,174. Thus, while the number of home cattle had been gradually decreasing, that of foreign cattle imported had increased from 51,000, in round numbers, in 1862, to 80,000 in 1863, and to 119,000 in the last year.

The disease continues to spread in various parts of the country; but, as farmers, dealers, and others interested in the subject are holding meetings and considering measures to stay its progress, it may be hoped that a stop may ere long be put to its ravages. As confirmatory of the opinion we ventured to express last week, that disease might be propagated in the human subject from the use of the milk of infected cows, we print the following extract from a letter signed "A Physician," which has appeared in a daily contemporary:—

A suspicious affection is daily manifesting itself amongst infants, particularly those between the ages of two and eight months. The symptoms are an erratic typhus, with a bastard phrenitis, pneumonia, constipation or diarrhoea, and petechiæ—indeed, are the exact characteristics arising from the generic poison devastating our cattle. From inquiries made amongst a wide circle of medical gentlemen and personally it is clearly evident that amongst infants a spurious complex synochus is extending, and alarmingly so, in the particular districts where cattle contagion has mostly prevailed. That this disease is transmitted by contaminated milk is unquestionable, as the following experiments will show:—Two kittens were suckled upon milk from a cow slightly diseased (now dead). In two days evidences of tenesmus were exhibited, rapidly followed by emaciation, shivering, and strophulus. One was allowed to linger until death: post-mortem appearances those of typhus, general inflammation of intestines, stomach, brain, &c.; the blood a bilious pus, red globules decomposed, as though it had been subjected to strong fumes of hydrogen. The food of the other kitten was altered, and consisted of the raw yolk of eggs, into which certain salts, or a preparation now termed minceasa, was mixed, thinned by water saturated with charcoal. In a week the kitten had completely recovered by the new diet. The same experiments were afterwards made upon two rabbits and a whelp, with somewhat similar results. The origin of these experiments arose through two young infants in my own family being attacked with the infection and presenting unusual symptoms which baffled every means of treatment. The sight of the little ones was grievous in the extreme, cadaverous and ghastly, accompanied with delirium and severe pains. No hopes of their lives were entertained. Their milk was invariably vomited, although reduced with lime and other water. The suggestion to analyse it was made, when it was found to be impregnated largely with pus, thin, decomposed, and adulterated with arrow-root, fat, and glycerine to thicken it. Milk was then dispensed with, and the infants were fed upon the yolks of raw new-laid eggs, with the minceasa salts sparingly intermixed. Immediate recovery took place. This is not an isolated instance, as every medical practitioner can avow.

VERY LONG ANNUITIES.—The finance accounts for the year ending the 31st of March, 1865, show that the household of the Irish House of Lords still survives to receive her annuity for the loss of her emoluments by the Union, and some persons who suffered by the Rebellion in 1798 also still receive their compensation annuities. Some annuities granted in Ireland to a lady and her children, by an Act passed in 1797, are also still received; but there are annuities of a very much larger amount which still survive these, annuities payable while there shall be heirs of William Penn, the Duke of Schomberg, and other persons, whose names are likely to be held in remembrance as long as finance accounts for the United Kingdom shall be issued and the public purse have any money in it.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Anglo-French Working-Men's Exhibition was opened at the Crystal Palace on Monday, with some formalities. The chair was taken in the Handel orchestra, at three o'clock, by Mr. Herbert Maudslay, of the well-known engineering firm, and the Rev. Dr. Emerton, of Haverhill, offered the inauguration prayer. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was performed on the great organ, and several interesting speeches were made. The exhibition, which contains many objects of considerable interest and occasionally of great beauty, is intended to commemorate the jubilee of peace between England and France, which have now maintained a friendly understanding for fifty years. The French workmen have taken as much interest in the matter as was expected; and, though their contributions are as yet fewer than those of the English operatives, there will, it is hoped, be an addition to the number before the close of the exhibition.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—The fourth quinquennial investigation into the state of the life business of the Royal Insurance Company, a report of which was read at the annual meeting on Friday week, shows that during the last five years a clear profit of £168,958 has been realised in that department. During the year 1864 2041 new life policies were issued, insuring £1,014,897, and producing £32,708 in new premiums. In the fire department the new premiums during the year attained the previously unparalleled sum of £406,404. A dividend of 3s. per share, a bonus of 4s. per share, and a supplemental bonus out of the profits of the life branch of 4s.—in all, 10s. per share, or 25 per cent on the original capital—was declared, and the reserve fund of the company was also somewhat increased. It need hardly be stated that the prosperous condition of this company, notwithstanding the generally unfavourable experience of insurance offices in the fire branch during last year, gave the highest satisfaction to all present. We may add that the life bonus was at the rate of £2 per cent per annum on the sums assured.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR AYTON.—The accomplished Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, William Edmondstone Ayton, died on Friday morning week, at his shooting-lodge, Blackhills, near Blyth, Morayshire. For some years the learned Professor had not enjoyed good health, and for two seasons he had spent the season at Homburg, to recruit himself for his duties. Last season and the present he had sought a northern climate and the more invigorating sports of the moors and streams. His death, though it will not surprise those who knew his precarious health, came rather unexpectedly, and the news of it will be heard in many quarters with great sorrow and regret. He died almost in the prime of life, being just fifty years of age. He is one of the last of a distinguished band of Scottish literati who are either dying out or becoming absorbed in a wider field. To the magazine literature of Scotland Professor Ayton had for about thirty years been a constant contributor, and nearly all his writings first saw the light in the pages of the monthlies. The son of an Edinburgh lawyer, holding the political views of the old Whig school, William Ayton began his literary career in the pages of *Tait's Magazine*, then the organ of advanced Liberalism. In the course of time, however, his views underwent a complete change, and about 1839 he formed that connection with *Blackwood's* which only terminated with his death. He was drawn into still closer union with the Conservative school of letters by his marriage with the youngest daughter of the distinguished Professor Wilson, the editor of *Blackwood*, and it has long been a prevalent, though an erroneous, idea that he succeeded his father-in-law in the "Ebony" curule. The frequency of his contributions, and their generally brilliant and always genial character, for some years rendered Ayton's the best-known name, after Wilson's, in connection with the Conservative monthly. Professor Ayton was born at Edinburgh in 1813, and was educated at the academy and university there, gaining, in 1831, in the university, a prize for the first poem, "Judith." He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1840; and, in 1845, was appointed by the Crown to the Chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University. In 1852 he was appointed Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland by the Derby Government, as a mark of their consideration for his zealous support to the Conservative cause. Professor Ayton's principal literary works were "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," first published in a collected form in 1848, and now in their seventeenth edition; "Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy," 1854, an amusing and effective burlesque of the sensational drama; "Bothwell, a Poem," giving an episode in the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, published in 1856; an edition of "The Ballads of Scotland," 1857; lectures on "Poetry and Dramatic Literature," delivered in London, in 1853; translations of "Poems and Ballads of Goethe," a joint labour with Mr. Theodore Martin; "Norman Sinclair," a novel, first published from *Blackwood's* pages in 1861. He was also the author of some amusing papers, of which the dry and sly humour perhaps, was best appreciated by his own countrymen, entitled "The Glen-mutchnin Railway," a burlesque of the railway mania; "How I stood for the Dreepdally Burghs," a farcical sketch of electioneering, &c. Professor Ayton was a D.C.L. of Oxford, and held other academical honours.

KINGSTOWN REGATTA.

THERE was a time, and not very long ago, when regattas possessed little interest except for the members of yachting clubs and their friends. The crowd of sightseers could not appreciate a sailing-match. A yacht, at its very quickest, seems to move slowly, and results are not determined by minutes but by hours. There is little excitement in the prospect of white sails stretched against the sky, or black specks crawling along the remote horizon. Yet, for those who are able to enjoy what is really picturesque, the sight of a large fleet of racing craft spreading canvas, gliding gracefully over a smooth sea, or leaping over crisp waves, now running easily before the wind, now tacking and shifting sails, and changing places occasionally, according to the qualities of a vessel, or the favour of the wind, is a sufficient reward for patient observation. And the friends of "muscular Christianity," who insist upon the wholesome influence of aquatic sports and fresh sea breezes, not only upon the physique and on the morals of men, and who lay due stress upon the fact that yachting stimulates the courage and increases the endurance of gentlemen, must derive considerable satisfaction from the progressive popularity of competitions which have done so much to produce improved models for shipbuilding and to preserve a race of hardy and daring seamen. In Dublin the interest which these contests create is no longer dependent upon fine weather. Even on mornings as cold and bleak as that of Wednesday, the 2nd inst., when the match for the Queen's cup, which this year inaugurated the Kingstown regatta was sailed, a vast number of excursionists take advantage of trains and steamers, and the end of the eastern pier is literally blackened by sightseers. Dublin bay has not only an advantage over most other bays in point of scenic attractions, but it is better situated for holding a regatta. From first to last the yachts may be seen from shore without the aid of a glass, and an experienced eye will distinguish the different competitors at the remotest angle of the course.

According to a judicious arrangement, the management of the Kingstown Regatta alternates between the Royal St. George's and the Royal Irish Yacht Club. This year it was the turn of the latter. Unluckily, the days appointed for holding it were at least a month beyond the usual period. We say unluckily, for undoubtedly, had a time been chosen at the end of June or the beginning of July, the number of entries would have been larger and the programme more attractive. There have been years in which Dubliners have had the opportunity of witnessing the performances of all the best vessels of the season. The chief prizes have been contested for by such clippers as the Audax, Phryne, Volante, and Surge. In the two great matches of the regatta week it was common to find not a single competitor which had not been the winner of great events. There were seldom less than seven or eight entries; and it was pleasant to see old contests fought over again; to become, for the time, the partisan of a famous cutter, and to watch the fluctuations of fortune. For the Queen's cup this year only three first-rate vessels were entered. First in order, and in the honours of the day, was the Fiona, the property of H. Lafone, Esq., built last year, and now one of the fastest yachts afloat. She is set down at 77 tons, and was built by Fyffe, who has followed pretty closely the lines of the celebrated Oithona. Light breezes do not suit her; but those who saw her, in the frequent squalls which occurred during the race, standing almost erect as if a light breeze were blowing, and running far away from cutters whose sails seemed to touch the water, and whose gunwales were hidden in the heavy seas, could form some estimate of her splendid seagoing capacities.

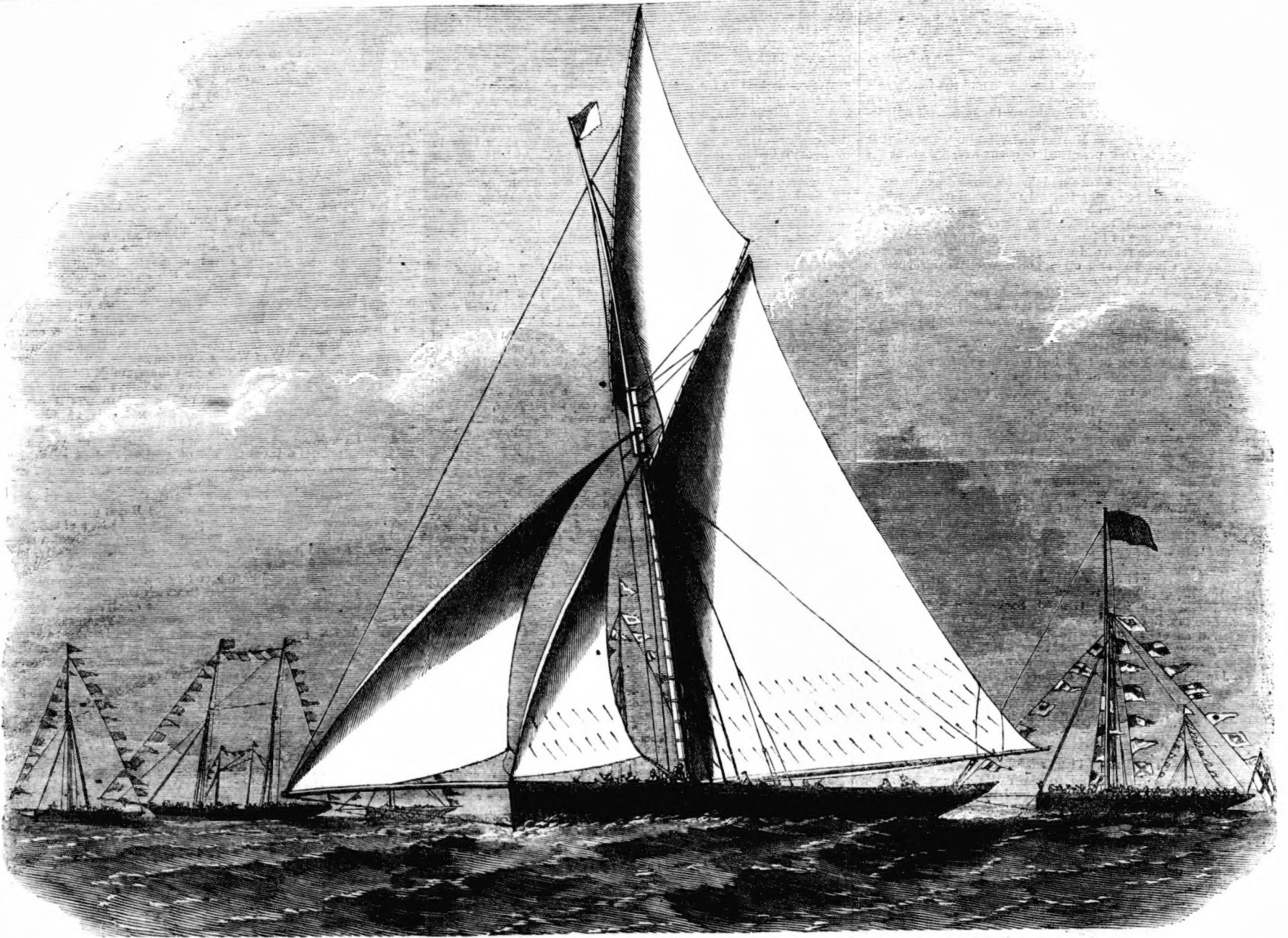
The vessels entered for the match were, besides the Fiona, the Banshee, 52 tons, J. Jones, Esq.; the Mosquito, 39 tons, T. Houldsworth, Esq.; the Enid, 56 tons, F. Scovell, Esq.; and the Dawn, 57 tons, M. R. Dolway, Esq. After an exciting contest, the Fiona came in a winner by six minutes. During the three days the regatta lasted there were several other matches, the whole entertainment being brought to a close by a brilliant display of fireworks.

DEVON AND CORNWALL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, PLYMOUTH.

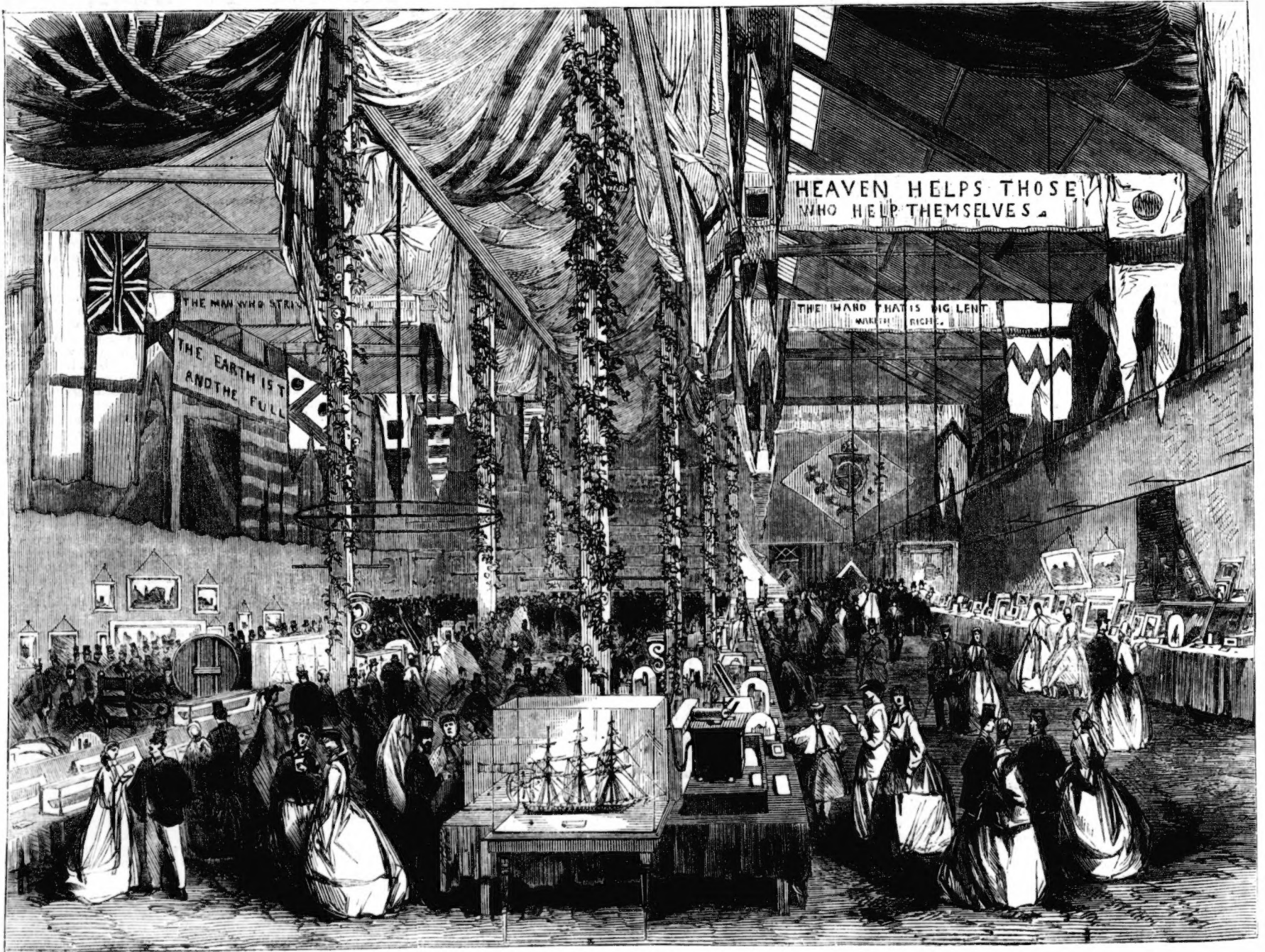
ONE of the most interesting events out of the many which have taken place at Plymouth during the last few weeks was the opening of the Devon and Cornwall Working Classes Industrial Exhibition. The Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, owing to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, being unable to attend, as promised, Lord Templetown kindly consented to officiate.

Should that stanch old lady who walked from Cornwall to Hyde Park to see the Great Exhibition of 1851 be still in the land of the living, she will doubtless view with pride the efforts of her countrymen, in conjunction with those of Devon, to have an exhibition of their own, which efforts, we are happy to state, have been crowned with success. The building is a temporary one, but scarcely seems to come from the interior, so tastefully is it decorated with flags, red cloth, flowers, and garnished with appropriate mottoes, such as "Heaven helps those who help themselves;" "The diligent hand maketh rich," and many others equally to the purpose. As there is no doubt of the truth of those time-honoured sayings, so there must be a golden future for the exhibitors, for diligence is shown in every inch of space within the area of the building. There is very great praise due to all concerned in the getting-up of the exhibition for the earnestness with which it has been done. Inventions are shown in models beautifully finished, the marine portions especially; there are contrivances for saving labour and for preventing accidents; articles in needlework, tablecovers, patchwork quilts, &c., some of which are really marvels of taste and perseverance. There is one made by an old man who has his right arm paralysed. Some have taken years to make, and contain miles upon miles of wool. The Marines are strongly represented. They have some capital cabinet-work, woollen rugs, and daisy-pattern worktable covers; a pair of watchstands, carved with a penknife; models of steam-pumps; all kinds of mining machinery for raising, crushing, &c.; models of gun-boats, frigates, rams, and so forth. The wonderful bridge at Saltash is represented in an exceedingly clever manner. There is an improved mousetrap and a stone punchbowl. There are a few of those singular productions which find their way into most exhibitions: in one case we have a whole suit of clothes, including the hat, made out of the skins of rats. This exhibitor, determined to do his work thoroughly, caught the animals himself. The coat is a most horrid-looking garment. The bare idea of putting it on causes a creeping sensation up the back, and anyone having to appear in such a guise would certainly be assailed with cries of "Who's your r(h)atter?" There are also two walking-sticks, "embellished" with the feet and tails of the "nasty things." In another piece of work we have a design for a garden ornament. It is a large modelled representation of a rocky coast, with a bay of desolation, showing total wrecks. It is carved in wood, and occupied about two years in making. But those rocks! What would Sir Charles Lyell or Mr. Ruskin say to them? To what formation do they belong? The resemblance to a huge mass of Spanish liquorice is so great that those in charge of the juvenile visitors had better look to it. It is a pretentious work, but quite absurd. There are, however, exceedingly few of these instances of labour and perseverance misapplied. It seems ungrateful to find any fault when all have done their best. No one has been idle, even the far-off Eddystone has its representative. While gazing at that slender, isolated pillar by day, or watching its starlike flash by night, no one imagined that that light, while shedding its warning radiance for miles around, was also aiding its keeper in the construction of a reel-stand for a lady's worktable.

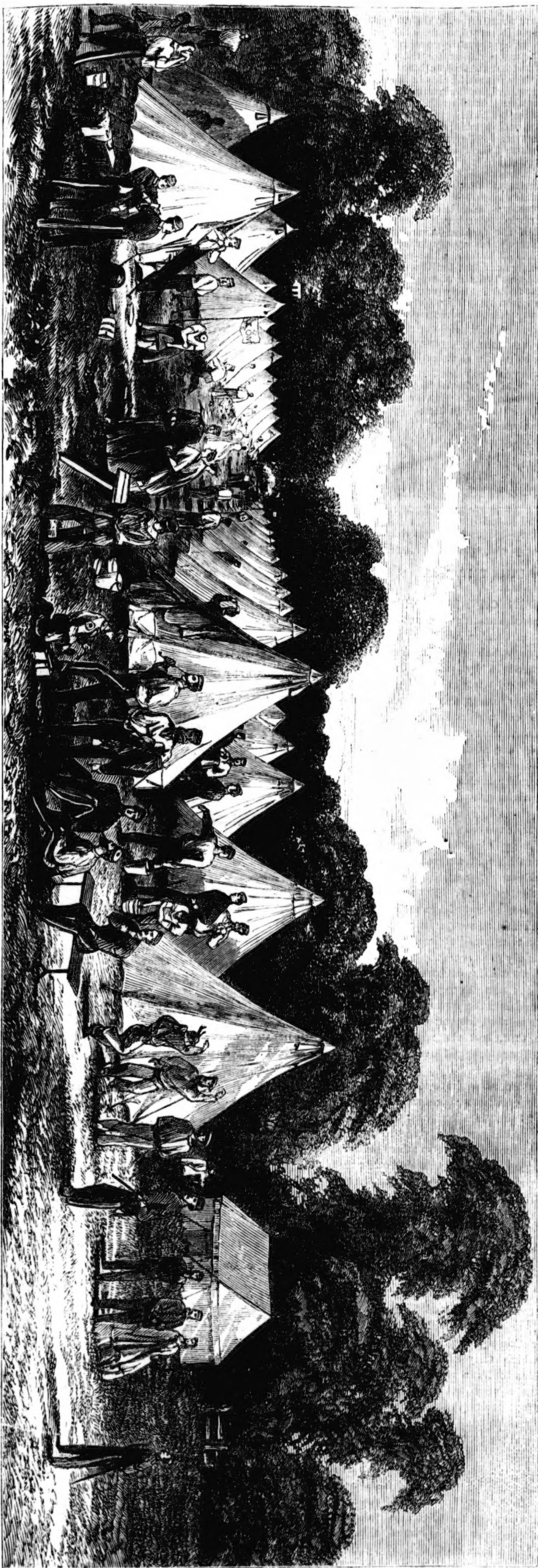
It is arranged that if there should be any surplus funds at the close of the exhibition, they are to be disposed of in the following manner—one third of the amount to be given in money prizes, one third to the hospitals of Plymouth and Devonport; the remaining third to be divided between the St. Andrews, Shaftesbury, and Devonport Working Men's Associations.



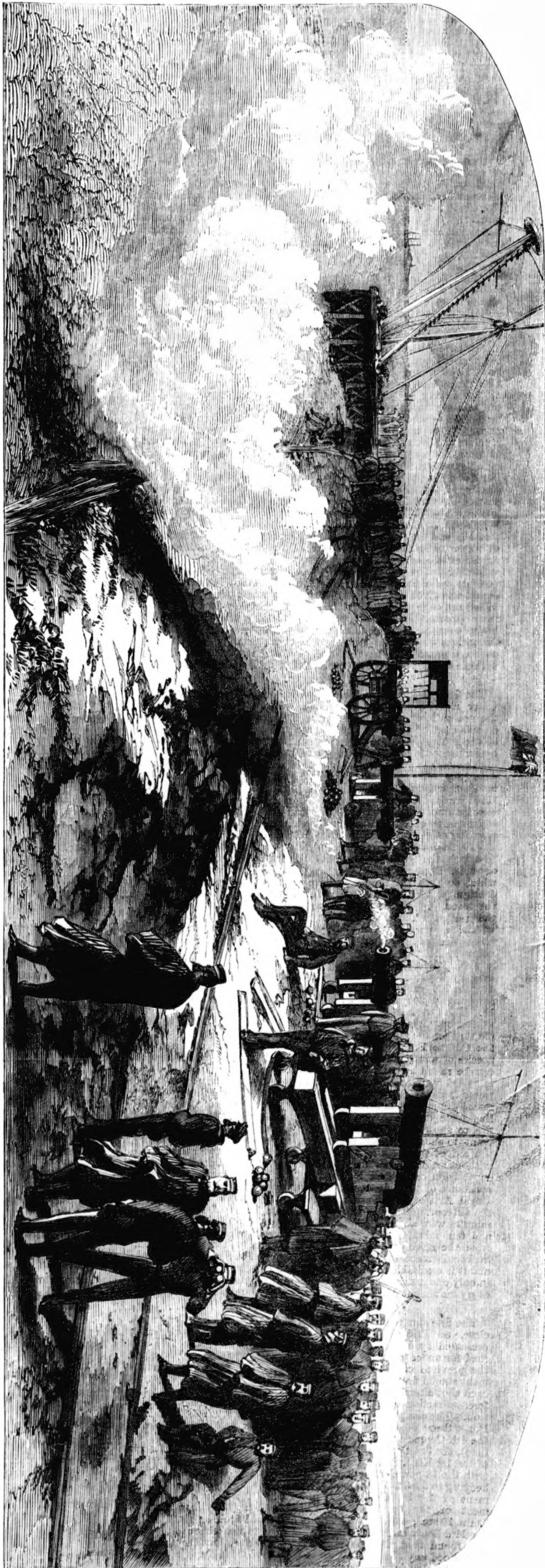
THE FIONA, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S CUP IN THE DUBLIN REGATTA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY J. D. MOLONY)



THE DEVON AND CORNWALL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT PLYMOUTH.



THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY CAMP AT SHOEBOURNESS.



THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY AT SHOEBOURNESS: FIRING FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIZE.

THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOEBOURNESS.

THE CAMP.

THE representatives sent by our Volunteer Artillery force to Shoeboresness have returned from the camp amid the congratulations of the "regulars" and the applause of the nation. They have won their prizes nobly, and have done altogether well. To the necessary labour of firing in competition they have, *con amore*, added as much drill as they could get in the use of the Armstrong guns. They have also swum, rowed, run, hopped, jumped, and we know not what else, for prizes offered by the "Sports Committee," and we can only hope that every man in the several detachments has won a prize of some sort as a memento of his visit. Like the veteran battalion of antiquity, in which each individual soldier was said to be qualified for generalship, so every volunteer artilleryman at Shoeboresness may be said to have been worthy of honour. Every man at least deserved a prize for "endurance," had there been one. The weather was wet, stormy, and disagreeable, and all this had to be endured in camp, subject to strict military discipline. It was rough work, but the volunteers stuck to it as resolutely as if their presence had been needed to resist a whole fleet of hostile Monadsnocks or Dunderbergs, flanked with aerons and other warlike wonders. Brighton was there, and Hastings, with Kent, Essex and Middlesex, Sheffield and Durham. Inland and coast volunteers came forth to handle the big guns and compete for honours and rewards, under the auspices of the National Artillery Association. There were prizes from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and from the association. For a whole week the competing detachments were under canvas, learning all the rough experience of camp life, and proving themselves to be no mere feather-bed soldiers. To be sure, the Brighton volunteers left early; but then they had done their work and had no need to stay. Of course, they put in an appearance again when the prizes were distributed, for they had succeeded in carrying off the Queen's and Lord Palmerston's. In reference to the "hard lines," we may say there is nothing like a taste of the "real thing." The immediate breakdown of the commissariat was a specimen of what may be expected when a little red-tape gets into the military machine, or when somebody undertakes more than he can do, or when some clever General gets "out" in his calculations. It is no dishonour to either party to say that the regulars had to come to the help of the volunteers—there was a want of tents, and a want of "grub;" and if it had not been for the admirable good-will of the Royal Artillery, we fear our men of the Cinque Ports and elsewhere must have made a sort of raid, and scoured the country for food and stores. Happily, the volunteers met with generous allies and were able to maintain their ground. But the ground was rough withal. There was a plague of earwigs—worse than at Wimbledon. Then there was a great deal too much rain to be comfortable, and the atmosphere was ungraciously chilly. The supply of water for drinking purposes was also none of the best, and disagreed considerably with some of the volunteer stomachs. But the volunteer artillerymen were nevertheless resolved to be "as jolly as possible under the circumstances," and were never wanting when the signal was given for manning their guns and facing the targets. When not engaged in the actual contest, they made the most of their opportunities, by engaging in athletic sports, puzzling their brains over the armour-plates pierced with Armstrong bullets, or themselves working the coveted "arm of precision." At night they gathered round the camp-fire, and discussed the doings of the day with all the zest of soldiers enamoured of their profession.

THE FIRING.

The firing takes place from platforms erected just above high-water mark, overlooking that wide waste of sand from which the sea at low water retreats for a distance of five miles. It is on this tract of sand that the targets are erected. The first grade of the shot is indicated with perfect precision, and afterwards it goes ricocheting seawards, only some of the Armstrongs fired at high elevations going beyond low-water mark. The guns employed were 18-pounders, 32-pounders, and 68-pounders. The targets were made of canvas, 12 ft. wide by 8 ft. high, and placed at 1250 and 1500 yards. Only twenty gun detachments arrived in camp, selected from the different brigades to which they belong by their commanding officers. The men selected were those whom the commanding officer considers are most likely to do credit to the brigade. The detachment choose their own No. 1—the important individual who lays the gun, and on whose judgment the score, of course, depends. The target, of course, forms the *point de mire*; but as shots which do not strike the target have value within certain limits of contiguity, those limits are marked out by red flags stuck in the sand, in the form of narrow parallelograms inclosing the target. Thus, at 1250 yards' range, every shot striking within a parallelogram 80 yards long by 4 yards wide, scores six points; and if a target is struck an additional point is scored, making seven the highest possible value of a shot. Every shot striking within a parallelogram 120 yards long by 8 yards wide counts 4; and every shot striking within a space 160 yards by 12 counts 2. At 1500 yards the spaces are respectively 90 yards by 6; 130 yards by 12, and 170 yards by 18. The system of marking adopted was one tried for the first time at Shoeboresness, and pronounced by the Royal Artillery to be very efficient for the purpose. It is the invention of Captain Vidler, of the Cinque Ports (Rye) Artillery. The apparatus consists of a species of wooden target formed of three flaps of equal size, which can be raised by pulleys into a horizontal position. When one flap is raised it indicates that one point has been made; when two are raised it shows that two points are made; and when three flaps are raised the maximum three points are recorded. One of these signalling semaphores is placed parallel to the target, out of the line of fire, to show elevation, and another is placed nearer to the firing-point, to show deflection, the latter being readily distinguishable by the aid of the flags and a good glass, or even by a practised eye without artificial assistance. The practice was conducted under the supervision of Colonel Fisher, R.A., with the valuable and cordial assistance of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Artillery stationed at Shoeboresness. Lots were drawn by the different detachments to determine the order of firing. Eight minutes were allowed to fire the five rounds from 18 and 32 pounders, and ten minutes with the 68-pounders. Deductions were made from the score of detachments which exceeded the time specified. Strict adherence to regulations was required in working the guns; and it is creditable to the artillery volunteers at Shoeboresness that in only one instance could the sharp professional eyes that watched every movement detect any departure that warranted interference.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIZE.

The first annual prize-meeting of the association was brought to a close, on Friday week, by the shooting for a prize, value £50, presented by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This was fired for under precisely similar circumstances to those which ruled the previous competitions—namely, that each competing detachment should fire five rounds, three at 1250 and two at 1500 yards, each shot alternately, so as to necessitate pointing the gun in a different direction each time, and causing, as well, a change of elevation. The competitors were the 1st Cinque Ports, the 1st A Cinque Ports, three detachments of the 1st Middlesex, two detachments of the 4th Cinque Ports, the 2nd Middlesex, the 4th West York (Sheffield), the 3rd Durham, the 2nd Cinque Ports, and two detachments of the 1st Kent. The third detachment of the 1st Middlesex fired with the 18-pounder, and the 1st Kent held to the 68, the remainder keeping to the 32. The highest scores made were:—The first detachment of the 1st Middlesex, 24 in 7 min. 1 sec.; the second detachment of the 1st Kent also 24; the 4th West York, 23 in 6 min. 10 sec.; and the 3rd Durham and 2nd Middlesex each 22. The 1st Middlesex men were then called upon to fire off the tie, and it was found that they had left the range, not estimating that their score stood any chance. When they were found they were brought up at the double, and as may be well imagined, were not able to make good practice. The 1st Kent got the range at the first shot, and were declared the winners of the prize. In the morning the volunteers were permitted to see the Royal Artillery practice with the

Armstrong guns, and the capabilities of this arm of precision in the hands of skilled men were proved in a very short time. The 40-pounder Armstrong was first practised at a small target at 3000 yards, and even the sighting shots were so close to the target that they would have obtained the maximum number of points for direction and elevation. Mortar practice and some shooting with the 100 pounder Armstrong at the long sea ranges also served to show the younger service the strides which were being taken in gunnery, and the volunteers left the range with increased respect for the rifled gun and with something like the feeling for the smooth-bore which the Rigby riflemen would have for the discarded Brown Bess. The officers of the Royal Artillery expressed the highest opinion of the manner in which the volunteers had handled their guns. The sergeants of the Royal Artillery invited their equals in rank among the volunteers to mess with them, and a most cordial feeling has sprung up between the two services. The members of the 1st Middlesex Artillery, in appreciation of the kindness shown them in this way, and also in instructing them in the Armstrong-gun drill, presented the sergeants' mess of the Royal Artillery with a large and handsome silver cup as a memento of the meeting. As has been before noticed, the commissariat department was an utter failure—owing, perhaps, to too much trust being placed on the powers of Shoebores. In other respects there would have been much "wanting" had not the council of the association, under the presidency of Colonel Harcourt, shown great energy in dealing with unlooked-for difficulties, and Colonel Willmott, the commandant, been exceedingly kind in offering facilities for the encampment being formed. The association has struggled through an exceedingly rough time in many respects, and it may reasonably expect that official recognition will be given to artillery prize-firing on a more extended scale, and with weapons of modern use.

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THE MATTERHORN CATASTROPHE.

MR. WHYMPER'S feeling and excellent account of this sad affair fully confirms us in the opinion we have already expressed as to such expeditions, which are undertaken without adequate reason, are engaged in by persons imperfectly trained, and are often conducted without sufficient caution. The expedition on the Matterhorn which resulted so unfortunately appears to have been undertaken under, perhaps, more favourable circumstances than generally attend such excursions. All the adventurers, with one exception, were skilful and approved mountaineers; the guides employed were noted for their experience and carefulness; the supply of rope was ample, and, to a certain extent, of superior quality; and the weather was as propitious as could be desired. And yet, in spite of all this, the disaster occurred. Mr. Whympier, at least, is clearly blameless as regards the sacrifice of the lives of four of his companions on the slippery sides of the Matterhorn. He took, or advised, all the precautions in his power to avert calamity. But no precaution and no foresight seems adequate to guard against mishaps in such dangerous regions. Mr. Hadow's inexperience and want of training appear to have been the immediate cause of this particular fatality; and it certainly does seem the height of folly for anyone to attempt such feats who is not thoroughly prepared for the task. We may also speculate as to whether or not the accident would have happened had the strongest rope in the possession of the party been used instead of the weakest; though it seems probable that, had the rope not broken, the whole party would have been dragged over the precipice and have perished.

But no amount of precaution, as we have seen, is adequate to prevent mishaps; and the questions therefore force themselves upon our attention, "What is the use of undertaking such perilous feats at all? What purpose is served by their accomplishment, even when successful, save to afford occasion for a foolish boast of having done something which other men have not? And when they result in disasters such as that on the Matterhorn, have the friends of the victims even the consolation of knowing that their relatives were engaged in a useful as well as a daring feat when they met their fate?" Why should English or other tourists "attack" the Matterhorn, or Monte Rosa, or the Jung-Fran, or any other inaccessible icy height? And what does it matter whether they can be ascended or not? Do the mountains ever attack the tourists? And, if not, why can't the tourists let the mountains alone in their cold, frozen, barren grandeur?

Some actions may be recklessly daring, and yet be justified by the object for which they are performed; while others, lacking that justification, are neither more nor less than acts of folly. It was a very wonderful feat to swim across the Hellespont, but performing it led to Leander being drowned and Byron getting an ague. It would be a deed of rare "derring do" for a marker to stand by the edge of the target while the volunteers are firing at Wimbledon, or the Royal Artillery are practising at Shoeboresness; but to do so would be an act of hairbrained folly. He would be a brave fellow who should attempt to dive to the bottom of the ocean and fish up the broken ends of the Atlantic telegraph cable; but would any one but a madman think of attempting such a thing? To knock one's head against a stone wall, or stand before a railway train travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, might, perhaps, indicate coolness of nerve and strength of resolution; but the man who should

do either would scarcely be entitled to be considered in his right senses. A hundred other feats might be imagined all exhibiting qualities good in themselves, but utterly misapplied in such actions. We cannot help classing these Alpine ascents with such reckless deeds as those we have enumerated; and, consequently, think that all such attempts should be sedulously and systematically discouraged. Would drawing-room gobemouches cease to stare open-mouthed at the relation of the feats and adventures of so-called "daring mountaineers;" were sensible people to condemn, instead of applauding, the tribe of Alp-climbers, the craving for the hollow distinction to be thus won would die out, and the lives of many men be spared to prove their courage in more truly daring, because more useful, feats. There is never real bravery in incurring danger without adequate motive, and where no advantages to be gained can compensate for the risk run. We trust, therefore, that we have heard the last of these absurd mountain-climbing feats; and that men, capable of better things, will in future abandon the desire to be able to make an empty and foolish boast, and devote their energies to useful, and therefore honourable, explorations, if explore they must.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED attained his majority on Sunday, having been born on Aug. 6, 1844.

CAPTAIN THE HON. F. A. STANLEY, M.P., second son of the Earl of Derby has retired from the Army.

MR. J. S. MILL, M.P., has been made a Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Vienna on the occasion of its celebrating its 500th anniversary.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES, eldest son of the Earl of Harewood, has just entered the Army as Ensign and Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN lies seriously ill at the residence of his brother, at Linkwood, near Elgin, N.B. The gallant General has been in bad health for some time.

A CHILD with three tongues was born a few days ago at Dumfries.

SLAVERY is finally to be abolished in the Portuguese colonies.

THE DUTY ON RACEHORSES in the year ending the 31st of March last was £7746 4s.

KENSINGTON MUSEUM was visited, during the past week, by 12,248 persons. The number of visitors since the opening of the museum has been 5,454,835.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUPPORTERS at Oxford have determined to record their sense of his services in the permanent shape of a memorial. What form it will take has not been decided.

THE SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS have conferred a gold medal on the Emperor Napoleon III., for the protection his Majesty has given the arts and artists internationally.

PLANS have been prepared for a new theatre in Holborn, in which Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Sefton Parry have an interest.

REINFORCEMENTS to the extent of no less than 6000 men are, it is said, on the point of being sent out to Mexico—3000 from Algeria and 3000 from France.

CONSTANCE KENT still remains in the Wilts County Prison, at Fisherton, Salisbury. Her demeanour is calm and collected, and it is not true, as has been stated, that she has signified any intention of making a further confession.

THE DUTIES ON SPIRITS realised in the year ended the 31st of March last amounted to no less a sum than £10,640,066 13s. 10d.; the net produce was £10,176,731 4s. 3½d.

MME. RISTORI furnished a magnificent set of rooms in Rome, where she thought of passing next winter; but her housekeeper sold all the furniture and made off with the proceeds.

A NEW DEGREE, that of "Doctor of Literature," has been instituted by the Senate of the University of London, with the approval of Government.

A WORTHY YOUNG LADY went to sea alone in a small skiff, a few days ago, and rowed to Brighton. The distance is reckoned to be ten miles, and she accomplished it, pulling against tide, in about two hours.

A RUSSIAN SQUADRON, composed of twenty-three vessels, is shortly to leave the port of Cronstadt, under the command of Admiral the Grand Duke Constantine.

WILLIAM FERGUSON, Esq., of the Stock Exchange, has presented to the National Life-boat Institution £300, to pay the cost of a new life-boat which the institution is about to station at Kingsdown, opposite the south end of the fatal Goodwin Sands.

THE RESTORATION of the ancient Norman church at Porchester, Hants, is finished. The arches of the crossing beneath the tower and the piers which sustain them have been displayed, together with the sculptures of the north wing of the transept.

A FATAL ACCIDENT has occurred to a party of excursionists on Monte Rosa, in which one guide was killed and two Englishmen had a narrow escape.

AFTER THE DELIVERY of his farewell speech in the House, the first person the late Lord Chancellor met was Lord Ebury, who, as is well known, has a hobby for altering the Church ritual. "My Lord," said the ex-Chancellor, "you can now read the burial-service over me with whatever alterations you think proper."

M. DELAMARNE, an aeronaut, has been making ascents at Cremorne in a balloon which is worked with sails, and which, it is affirmed, he drove against the air, made it revolve, and rise and fall at his discretion. It crossed and recrossed the river, and was, in fact, as manageable as a ship on the ocean.

THE CONTEST FOR THE LONDON SWIMMING CLUB'S GOLD MEDAL took place on Monday. After an exciting race, in which, however, three men completely outdistanced all the other competitors, Pamplin proved to be the victor, Johnson being second, and Atwood third. Pamplin swam the 1000 yards in 17½ min.

EARL RUSSELL has instituted a new "pass examination" for junior members of the diplomatic service, which seems sufficiently stiff. The candidate, who must not be over twenty-six, must know Latin, the first book of Euclid; arithmetic, up to decimals; French, German grammar, the constitutional history of England, the political history of Europe and the United States from 1815 to 1860; and be a good *precis* writer, besides.

CAPTAIN PATTEN SAUNDERS, a Russian gentleman, who is engaged in this country for his Government in arranging the plan for an overland Asiatic line of telegraph to America, has had the good fortune to win £1000 in bets that he has made about the Atlantic telegraph. His bet was £400 to £1000 that, within two months, the entire stoppage of messages by the cable would occur for at least twenty-four hours.

MR. LOW, an American aeronaut, has constructed what he terms an aerial ship, the greatest circumference of which is 387 ft., with a capacity to hold 700,000 cubic feet of gas, and a lifting power of twenty-two tons. The machine is furnished with many novel appliances for the purpose of elevating, depressing, and directing the machine; and in this machine Mr. Low proposes to cross the Atlantic in fifty or sixty hours.

THE DANISH GOVERNMENT has under consideration a projected line of railroad from Copenhagen, traversing the southern part of Zealand, and the islands of Falster, Laaland, and Fermen, through Holstein, direct to Hamburg. The communication through the islands would be established by three fixed bridges, leaving only the channel between Rodby and Fermen, which may be crossed in one hour by steamer. If completed, the journey by this line from Copenhagen to Hamburg will be accomplished in seven hours.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—At the time we commence printing there is still no further intelligence of the Atlantic telegraph cable, or of the Great Eastern. The ship, however, or one of her companions, is hourly expected to return to Ireland and to give an account of the accident that has occurred. As it is probable, therefore, that before this sheet is in the hands of our readers full details of the mishap may be published, it is of no use to repeat the many conjectures which have been made to account for the cessation of signals through the cable. One curious fact, however, may be mentioned. The Astronomer Royal reports that, at the very moment when the signals along the cable grew indistinct, a magnetic storm of almost unexampled force set in. This storm would quite overpower the magnetic force used for the transmission of signals. Bad weather can hardly have been the cause of the break in communication; for we learn from the logs of the North American and the Persia, which arrived on Tuesday night from America, that on the 2nd inst., the day on which signals were no longer received from the Great Eastern, the weather was moderate. The great ship is believed to have been between the courses of these two vessels; and it seems clear that the calamity is not the result of a storm.

LONDON WORKHOUSES.

FEW things require so much careful watching as the working of our poor laws, for it seems to be an inevitable thing that the tender mercies of poor-law officials should be cruel. What from want of skill or want of will, what from inadequate means or stingy parsimony, what from stupid carelessness, and what from downright, callous hard-heartedness, parish guardians, overseers, and masters of workhouses generally lead the poor who are unfortunate enough to fall under their charge a very hard life of it indeed. It must be a very great crime to be poor, for it is often very severely punished. A few weeks ago, the public were scandalised by the disclosures made in the cases of Timothy Daly and Richard Gibson; but these appear to be by no means solitary instances. Our contemporary, the *Lancet*, lately instituted an inquiry into the condition of the workhouses of the metropolis; and commissioned properly qualified and experienced medical men to conduct the investigation. In the course of their labours they visited the workhouse of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. This they found to be a very good building, but very badly conducted. There were 700 inmates, 240 of whom were in the sick wards, 130 imbeciles and lunatics, with about as many absolutely infirm, while seven eighths of the residue were practically infirm and senile. The establishment was thus, to all intents and purposes, a hospital; and yet there was no resident medical man, the doctor being a gentleman in large general practice, and having to dispense the medicines as well as prescribe them, for the guardians did not keep an apothecary. The consequences, of course, were that there were no such things as dietary or medicine cards; that the medicines were ordered from recollection only; and that they were administered or not according to the whim or the inclination of the pauper nurses, themselves often more fit to be patients than attendants. The disclosure of these and other disagreeable facts did not please the guardians and their clerk, who published what was called a refutation of the statements made by the *Lancet's* commissioners. This "refutation" was founded on no better authority than the assertions of the workhouse officials, the very parties whose neglect of duty was greatly the cause of the disgraceful state of the establishment. What the commissioner who wrote the description of St. Leonard's workhouse has to say in reference to the matter will be found in another column. All we wish to remark here is, that it is not to be tolerated that such things should go on, and that it is full time the Poor-Law Board instituted an investigation by persons free from the influence of the tainted atmosphere of poor-law administration, and who will report as to what they see as fearlessly and as honestly as the gentlemen who represent our medical contemporary. The *Lancet* deserves much credit for what it has done; but the mischief will not be eradicated till we have real workhouse inspection by those who can punish as well as expose abuses.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES SCHEME.

THE new tables of the premiums to be charged under contracts for the grant of Government deferred life annuities and monthly allowances under the Acts 16 and 17 Vic., cap. 45, and 27 and 28 Vic., cap. 43, the purchase money being returnable, have just been issued. These tables complete the annuity portion of the tables contemplated by the two Acts above quoted, so that the whole scheme for the purchase of Government annuities by small payments through the post offices of the United Kingdom may now be said to be complete.

The tables now published are two in number, and, with a short introductory letter from Sir Alexander Spearman, the Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office, occupy twenty-eight pages of closely-printed matter. The first is a table showing what monthly allowance, to commence on the first day of the month next following the expiration of ten, fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five or thirty, or thirty-five or forty, or forty-five or fifty years, from the day of purchase may be purchased, according to the sex of the person on whose life the annuity is to depend, and according to his or her age at the time of purchase, by a monthly payment of 8s. Under this table a person aged twenty may, by payment of 8s. a month for ten years, secure a monthly allowance for the remainder of life of 4s. 9d. if a male, or 4s. 5d. if the purchaser be a female; and, should the purchaser die before the annuity commences, or should he desire to give up the matter, he may, upon application, receive back all the money he had paid. At thirty years of age a male may, by paying 8s. a month until he is sixty, receive for the remainder of his life a monthly allowance of £1 14s. 2d. A female would, under similar circumstances, obtain a monthly allowance of £1 9s. 4d. The money paid will be returnable at any time before the annuity commences.

The second table is one showing what annual payment, or what single payment, must be made, according to the age and sex of the person on whose life the annuity is to depend, to purchase an annuity of £1, payable half yearly at and from the expiration of the second quarter next following the expiration of terms of years ranging from a term of ten years to a term of fifty years from the date of purchase. This table shows that a man who will be twenty-one next birthday, by paying down in one sum £13 8s. 10d., or paying £1 8s. 7d. per annum for ten years, may receive at the expiration of ten years, and for the remainder of his life, an annuity of £1 per annum. This annuity may, of course, be increased to £50 per annum on the same terms; and should the purchaser wish to give up his contract at any time before the annuity commences, or should he die before it commences, he or his representatives can obtain the return of the whole amount which he had paid on application. A female who will be twenty-one next birthday may purchase, on similar conditions, an annuity of £1, to commence after ten years, for a payment down of £14 8s. 11d., or by annual payments for ten years of £1 10s. 8d. each; the money to be returned on the conditions above stated.

A young man in his twenty-first year may, by paying a single sum of £1 9s. 7d., secure an annuity of £1 per annum commencing when he is seventy-one years old, and continuing during the remainder of his life; and should he wish at any time before the annuity commences to give up his contract he can do so, and obtain the repayment of all he has paid the Government on this account. He is not, of course, restricted to the purchase of an annuity of £1; but he may, on the same terms as those last stated, purchase an annuity of any number of pounds not exceeding £50.

As this business is to be transacted under the supervision of the Post Office, the advantages of the measure will, no doubt, be extended in due time, under the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1864, to all the 3000 Post Office savings banks and money-order offices in the United Kingdom; and purchasers of annuities will be able to effect their purchases either by payment of one sum or by periodical payments spread over a series of years, and obtain payment of their annuities and monthly allowances at any of these 3000 offices. The publication of tables for Government annuities, which annuities can be purchased and paid at any post-office in the United Kingdom, or which may be given up at any time before the annuity commences and all the money paid returned to the purchaser, is a measure of great value to those timid persons who, fearing what they call the sinking of their money, never take the step in their earlier years of making a provision for their old age, when their power of working will cease altogether, or be reduced to such an extent as to be of little or no value to them as a means of obtaining their living.

The privilege of being able to obtain the return of their money whenever they require it will induce large numbers of persons to avail themselves of these new tables; and the advantages which the Government has now placed within the reach of the working classes, as well as of the middle classes, will, we are fully convinced, be of inestimable value to the community at large.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF SUNDAY.—Between the 54th and 59th degree of north latitude—that is to say, between John o' Groat's House and the boundary line which divides England from Scotland—it is considered contrary to good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, or to sing any songs but sacred ones. Within these parallels of latitude whistling on Sunday is downright impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and, in two hours' time, you will have left the whistling parallel behind you. You may whistle, now, on Sunday; you may sing what songs you please; you may play the fiddle; nay, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve hours' journey from Edinburgh to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast, in Princes-street, and the Scotch lassie in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in Regent's Park; and thousands of English lasses are there, dressed in all their best, promenading up and down to the time. If you were to bring the Scotch lassie up and show her this scene—horns blowing, drums beating, and 10,000 couples sweetheating under the trees—she would draw in her breath and exclaim, "Eh, gude be here! Did ever ony body see the like—playing polkas on Sunday? I wonder whaur they expect to gang to!" But now, in turn, take one of these English lasses over with you to Paris; move her from where the longitude is 0 to the 6th parallel east, and she will be as much shocked to see the Parisians going to the theatre on Sunday evening as the Scotch lassie was to see the Londoners promenading in Regent's Park and listening to polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a difference one way; a few degrees of longitude make a difference another. Go north, and you mustn't whistle; come south, and you may play the fiddle; move sideways, a little toward the east, and you may whistle, play the fiddle, and go to the play. Which parallel rules the right morality in this matter I will not pretend to decide.—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

FINE ARTS.

THE ART-UNION PRIZE EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of the pictures and sculpture selected by prizeholders in the Art-Union lottery is this year held at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 53, Pall-mall. If we needed any further argument to convince us of the error involved in what the promoters of this scheme would fain have us believe—that picture-lotteries advance the interests of art—we should find it in the present exhibition.

The number of works exhibited is 116. Of these more than one half have been chosen from the collection of the Society of British Artists. The Royal Academy supplies about four-and-twenty, and the British Institution about a dozen. The remainder is made up of pictures selected from the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish and Royal Hibernian Academies, and those of the Society and of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. That the Royal Academy should hold so high, or even a higher, place in this list is not a matter for surprise. The general public will not understand that rejection by the hanging committee may be a compliment, while admission may be quite the reverse. The prestige which attaches to a picture that has appeared on the walls of the Academy readily accounts for the popularity of that exhibition with persons of the class which supplies the Art-Union with its prizeholders. We would, however, point out that while, as we have said, rejection may be an intentional or unintentional compliment to a painter—because the committee not only refuses to hang pictures that possess originality and merit that it cannot appreciate, but even prefers, where it likes a picture, to return it in preference to giving it a bad place—admission may be an empty honour when a canvas is hung, because it is of exactly the right number of square inches to fill an odd space that cannot be otherwise provided for.

Nevertheless, we could have found no fault had the Royal Academy supplied two thirds of the prize exhibition. It is the preference given to the Society of British Artists that at once condemns the scheme of the Art-Union, and proves indisputably that it has done nothing to elevate taste or encourage an appreciation of art during the eighteen or twenty years of its existence.

The Society of British Artists is well known to critics and cognoscenti for one peculiarity. Most exhibitions fluctuate in merit. The last two Academy exhibitions have been very good. The Old Water-Colour and the French Gallery this year were not up to the mark. The New Water-Colour was better than usual. These variations are at least a sign of vitality.

But the Society of British Artists maintains one even level, beneath which it cannot fall, above which it never attempts to rise. We cannot recall an occasion on which it has soared to mediocrity. The election of Messrs. Barnes, Hayes, and others this year may be looked upon as a hopeful omen, for we cannot believe that such painters would allow themselves to be connected with such a society if they did not see some prospect of raising and improving it. But up to the present year the society has been anything but a credit to British art.

That the Royal Academy should have had less attraction for the Art-Union prizeholders, even on the erroneous grounds we have pointed out, is curious. But the great preference given to the Society of British Artists over the British Institution, which, with all its faults, is infinitely its superior,* is a thing we cannot account for, unless, indeed, the Cerberus who guards the entrance to the Institution frightens away timid prizeholders.

The first prize of £200 is represented by Mr. Leslie's "Defence of Lathom House" (67), selected from the Royal Academy. It is a spirited and well-painted picture, of which we have already spoken approvingly. The two prizes for £150 are both very inferior—"Innocence" (5), by Mr. J. J. Hill, and "The Thorn" (21), by Mr. Cobbett. The selection of these pictures would seem to have been guided by their size. There are three prizes of £100—"Lochaber No More" (15), by Mr. Paton, a meritorious work, though rather wanting in interest for its extent; "Eastern Life" (22), by Mr. Gale, a splendid work, on which the prizeholder had the good sense to expend £68 beyond the value of his prize; and "Tombs of the Mamelooks" (110), by Mr. Vacher, a remarkable work in water colour, though by no means the best of several which this year adorned the walls of the Institute. Four prizes of £75 are represented by "The Vale of Festiniog" (9), a clever picture by Mr. Niemann; "Grace Before Meat" (12), a pleasing composition by Mr. Hensley; "Dysart" (65), by Mr. J. Danby, with a well-rendered sunlight effect, not, however, successfully carried out in one portion to the extreme left of the picture. Of the £60 prizes, the best chosen is a "Scene on the River Clyde" (19), by Mr. Gill, who has another picture of the same river (10) in the exhibition. The other £60 prizes are scapieces, by Mr. Wilson, whose marine-painting seems, to judge from the number of his works in the exhibition, to be in just the style to captivate prizeholders. He does, indeed, paint such pieces with considerable ability; but when we remember that there were in the gallery, whence these were selected, works by Mr. Hayes, we can hardly think very highly of the taste that could choose the more pretentious but inferior canvases, even though they might have passed muster in the absence of such a standard of marine-painting as Mr. Hayes's faithful and spirited pictures afford. And this constitutes the chief cause of complaint against the exhibition, and the principal argument against the worth of art-unions. Large and showy pictures are mostly affected by the prizeholders, with less regard to quality than quantity, and the next recommendation (it would be more creditable even if it had been the first) that weighs with them would appear to be the artist's name. The inferior work of known men—trifles which they are ashamed to put a large figure to—are pounced on with avidity. This is not even wise in the prizeholders. There are every year pictures by rising or comparatively unknown painters, which are sufficiently moderate in price to meet the requirements of people who are apparently not too often willing to add anything to the amount awarded them by the lottery; and which yet possess great merit, and may become more and more valuable with the rising fame of the painter. We have marked down many such works this year; but we do not meet with many of them in this exhibition.

Figure-painting meets with little encouragement here. A very excellent little picture by Mr. White, "The Hard Work" (5); "A Spanish Gipsy" (51), by Mr. Lidderdale; and "A Fern-gatherer" (55), by Mr. Holl, are the only pictures of this class deserving of mention. Mr. Noble's "Princess Elizabeth" (32) is almost the only other figure-subject of any importance in the gallery, and that might well be dispensed with. Landscapes by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Boddington, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Rose are all very pleasing specimens of their individual styles. Mr. Hardy's clever "Windsor Park" (24), and Miss Williams's charming little "Morning on the Midway" (48), we are glad to meet with again; and "A Moonlight" (52) by that devout worshipper of the moon, Mr. Gilbert, is very excellent. Mr. F. Talfourd's slap-dash of "Evening in the Liedr Valley" (42) is, if clever, so impudent that we are sorry to see it encouraged. "The Breakwater, Burntisland" (77), by Mr. McPherson, has much merit; but the half of the picture towards the spectator's left seems painted by daylight, while that on the right is really good moonlight. As for Mr. Perigal's "Shipwreck" (44), the painting of the sea in which is quite a curiosity, all we can say is, that we hope its fortunate possessor may never acquire a knowledge of art, but remain always blind to the mistake he has committed.

In water colour there are two pretty studies by M. Bouvier; a very lovely view of "Bovey Tracy Bridge" (94), by Mr. Pidgeon; some pleasing specimens of Mr. McKean's style; and a work by Mr. H. Warren (93), so very bad that we are at a loss to understand how even an Art-Union prizeholder could be induced to add to his

* We base the superiority of the Institution over the Society chiefly on the fact that the former is not fellow-ridden, whereas the greater part of the space at the disposal of the latter is occupied by the daubs of members, whose monopoly is only excusable on the ground that they cannot obtain admission for them elsewhere. Of course, there are good pictures in both exhibitions; we here speak of them as wholes.

fifteen-pound prize enough money out of his own pocket to bring it up to the price of the picture—£52 10s.

Of sculpture there are only two specimens—the one selected from the Society of British Artists, the other from the British Institution, both exhibitions being more notorious even than the Royal Academy for the inferiority of their sculpture.

THE WELSH MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

TENBY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

TENBY does not pretend to compare with Brighton for fine mansions, nor with Margate for convenience to the metropolis; but in beauty of scenery and proximity to remarkable objects of interest it ranks far beyond either of these popular resorts at this particular season. The climate is mild, but not enervating. It has not the bracing character of Scarborough or Aberystwith, nor yet the relaxing air of Hastings or the south coast. These are some of its negative virtues, and among its positive may be enumerated surpassing beauty of coast scenery, a lovely bay, multitudinous objects of interest within reach both by sea and land, delightful sands, unrivalled sea-bathing, a temperature and soil so fruitful as to grow myrtles to the size of timber-trees, and where the fuchsia of the greenhouse are used as garden-hedges, their scarlet pensile blossoms gleaming in the sunlight, six or seven feet high. As we are not writing an itinerary for Tenby excursionists, we do not intend to enumerate the many interesting objects surrounding the place. Its remote distance from populous districts renders it only accessible to the comparatively wealthy few who leave their homes at this period of the year; and this, no doubt, will doubly recommend it to many who seek in vain in more accessible retreats for that privacy and retirement which they desire to enjoy, but in which expectation they are, in these times of universal excursions, so frequently disappointed. Pembroke Dock, Pembroke Castle, Lamphey Palace, Manorbier Castle, and Carew Castle, and innumerable picturesque villages are close at hand inland; while on the coast we have the celebrated Stack Rocks, Lidstep Point, Saundersfoot, Hearn Castle, Amroth Castle, the Worm's Head, and, close at home, Calby Island, supposed to have belonged formerly to the mainland. The streets of Tenby, never intended for any large traffic, are narrow and somewhat tortuous; but the houses are substantial, and some have no mean pretensions to superiority.

ARRIVAL OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

His Royal Highness left Pembroke Dockyard, on Tuesday afternoon week, in an open carriage, accompanied by Prince Leiningen, Sir Charles Phipps, and another gentleman. After inspecting some interesting objects on his route, including Carew Castle, and enjoying an exceedingly pleasant drive of about twelve miles, he approached Tenby by the Pembroke road; and, shortly after six o'clock, a single gun fired from the battery of the 1st Pembrokehire (Tenby) volunteers, followed by a Royal salute, announced the arrival of the Royal visitor within the precincts of the town, and shortly afterwards the carriage approached the Gatehouse Hotel. There were at this time in waiting to receive his Royal Highness at the hotel the Bishop of St. David's, Lord Llanover; Mr. Lort Phillips, M.P.; Colonel Steppie, the Mayor of Tenby (Mr. White), and nine members of the Corporation, magistrates, &c. A sharp shower had thinned the number of persons congregated outside, but as the carriage drew up to the hotel they raised a hearty cheer, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and for a moment the sun shone a cheerful welcome to the Prince. In the midst of these demonstrations of respect (which his Royal Highness very affably and graciously acknowledged), the Prince alighted, and shook hands with Lord Llanover and several other gentlemen; and his Worship the Mayor (who wore his robes of office), having been introduced to the Prince, conducted him through the hall to his apartments—his Royal Highness graciously acknowledging the respectful salutations of the privileged few who had assembled there. The Prince appeared much gratified with his reception, and, observing that the people still lingered in the street, he came forward to one of the front windows and showed himself. On this another hearty cheer was raised, and the people then dispersed.

THE INAUGURATION.

The proceedings of the inaugural ceremony, on Wednesday week, went off without disappointment or obstruction; and the weather, which was threatening in the morning, afterwards cleared up. Thousands of people flocked to the town, and arrivals by steamer and train continued to pour in, even after the ceremony had been concluded. In the course of the morning a detachment of the 62nd Regiment arrived from Milford, and there were also volunteer corps from Haverfordwest and Pembroke Dock, besides the Castle Martin Yeomanry. These were disposed around the Castle-hill and at the foot of the monument. Opposite the monument was erected a gallery for ladies and subscribers to the memorial, and adjoining it was a raised dais for the reception of Prince Arthur and his suite. Here seats were placed for the Prince and his attendants. A procession was formed at the Gatehouse Hotel, in which the mayors of the district, magistrates, clergy, sheriffs, lord lieutenants, and the Corporation of Tenby took part. The Prince walked in the procession. He was attired in a Highland dress, and looked remarkably well. The procession first wound round the hill and the monument, and then the principal personages entered the raised dais. The Mayor of Tenby (Mr. G. White), as chairman of the Memorial Committee, then advanced to his Royal Highness, and read an address from the people of Wales, to which the Prince made an appropriate and feeling reply. The Bishop of St. David's then offered up an extemporaneous prayer, asking a blessing on the undertaking. All those who were near enough to hear what was going on stood uncovered while the Bishop offered up prayers; but one clergyman (or a person so habited) stood immediately facing the Prince with his hat on his head. At a signal from the Mayor the statue was then uncovered, and a burst of admiration rose from the assembled crowd as the bands played and the guns from the battery on the opposite hill fired a Royal salute. Prince Arthur stood for some minutes examining the figure and tracing in it the familiar lineaments of his deceased father. The procession then reformed, walked round the monument, and conducted the Prince back to the town.

Between two and three o'clock a sumptuous luncheon was laid out in the assembly-room at the Gatehouse Hotel, which was tastefully ornamented for the occasion with flags, &c., the Red Dragon of Wales, the national crest, being conspicuous. Perhaps the greatest ornaments which graced the room, however, were to be found in the three galleries, which were fully occupied by the fair ladies of Wales. A raised table at the head of the room was occupied by the principal guests. The Mayor of Tenby, by virtue of his office, presided, and on his right and left side were his Royal Highness Prince Arthur and Prince Leiningen. After luncheon toasts appropriate to the occasion were given and responded to.

THE MEMORIAL.

The memorial was commenced in December, 1864, when the first stone was laid—a massive block of Welsh marble—in which was a cavity inclosing an inscription dedicating the memorial as "a mark of loyalty to her most gracious Majesty the Queen, and of affectionate respect and gratitude to the memory of her Royal Consort, Prince Albert the Good." The memorial consists of a statue of Prince Albert, 8 ft. 9 in. in height, carved from a stainless and unflawed block of the finest Sicilian marble. It stands upon a pedestal 18 ft. high, which is formed of grey marble (the native limestone of the district), and has four engraved panels of Sicilian marble. This pedestal rests upon a platform, at the top of three ranges of steps, forming a square of 23½ ft. The blocks of the foundation are grafted into the solid rock, and a mound of earth, neatly turfed, slopes into unity with the Castle-hill, of which it forms the summit.

The figure stands with the head uncovered, and baton in hand, attired in Field Marshal's uniform, and wearing the mantle and collar of the Order of the Garter. The artist is John Evan Thomas, a native of South Wales (Brycheiniog), and the work is spoken of as one of the finest specimens of the sculpture of our time. The likeness is striking.

The panel to the statue's right hand presents a shield, upon which are sculptured in high relief the arms of the earliest Kings of Wales (Cymru Oll), borne by Llewelyn ab Gruffyd, the last native Sovereign—gules and or, four lions passant guardant counterchanged. The panel behind the statue is distinguished by originality of design; and the elegant grouping of its component forms contrasts happily with the inevitable rigour of heraldic devices, while yet it harmonises with them sufficiently to ensure complete unity of effect. It represents the monogram of her Majesty and Prince Albert, within an escutcheon, which is supported on one side by the rampant "Red Dragon of Cadwaladr," and rests the other upon a partially recumbent but resilient leek, a scroll being interwoven inscribed with the old motto, "Anorchfygol Ddraig Cymru"—the "Dragon of Wales is invincible." This dragon is so admirably chiselled that every part and each separate scale seems replete with vigorous alacrity, almost enabling spectators to believe the possibility of such a creature's real existence. King Henry VII. raised triumphantly the banner of the Red Dragon at the Battle of Bosworth Field; the Red Dragon was used as a supporter of the Royal arms by successive monarchs of his line; and the Red Dragon continues to this day to be the Welsh crest of our British Sovereigns.

A Druidical origin is ascribed to the emblematic leek of the Cymry, although tradition refers its more especial honour to St. David's use of it during his ascetic preparation for his public ministry among the mountain solitudes of Llantony, when

He did only drink what crystal Honddu yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.

Tradition also records that the Cymric King, Cadwallawn, and his army, wore the badge at the battle of the Meigen, A.D. 633, when they vanquished the Northumbrian Angles, and slew Edwin, their King. Mr. Thomas's sculpture of his country's ancient symbol, the leek, is admirable.

The panel to the left hand of the statue bears a shield charged with the late Prince's hereditary arms, quartered with those of her Majesty; and the same skilful care is manifested in the most minute details, which makes every division of this noble work complete in itself, and renders the combined whole a monument worthy of the artist.

The statue is placed on an elevated position on Castle-hill, a peninsular rock jutting out from the town. Being elevated by a lofty pedestal, the top of the statue is exactly on a level with the top of the spire of the parish church. It is thus, in consequence of its elevation and its position, jutting out into the sea, visible at a great distance, both along the coast and inland, and can probably be seen with a glass from the coast of Devon, on the opposite shore of the Bristol Channel. A more suitable site could not have been selected in the Principality.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

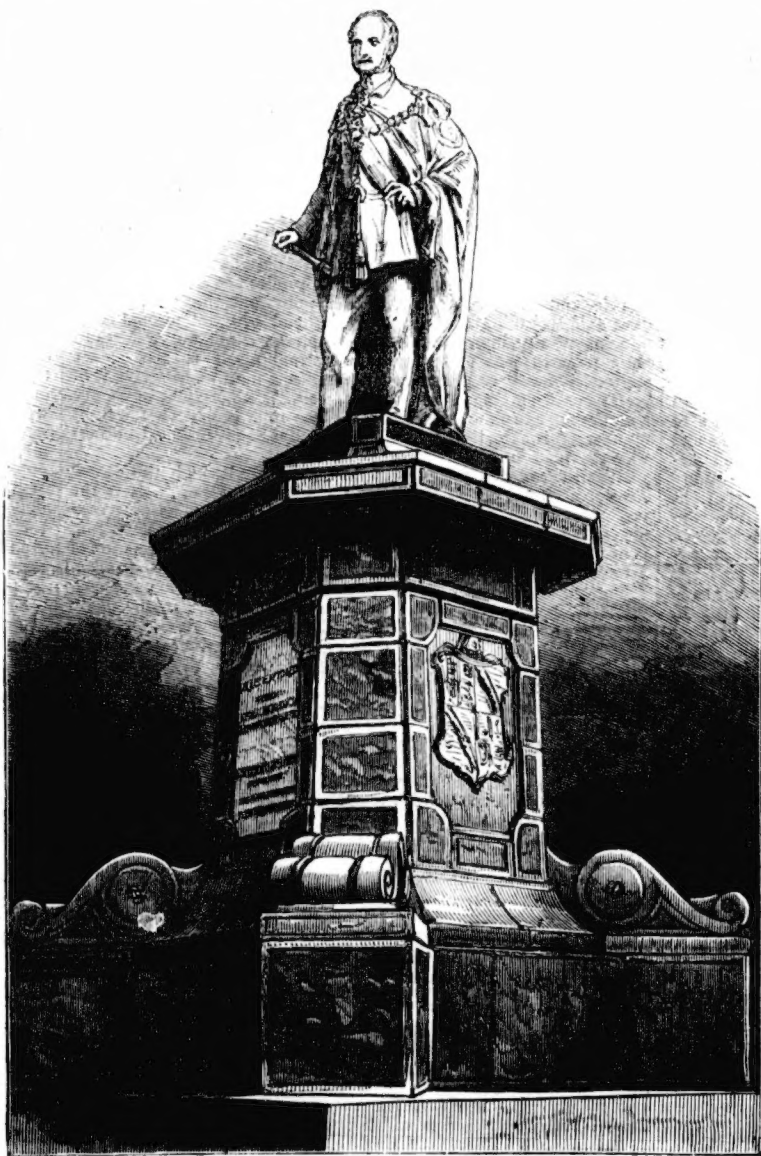
SOME twelve years ago it was proposed to establish a "Guild of Literature and Art," the first object of which was to found and endow an institution to be called "The Guild Institution." The full design was to associate literary men and artists together for the purpose of mutual self-help. Among the earliest supporters of the project were Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and Mr. Charles Dickens, and the means taken to raise the necessary funds were of the simplest character. Sir Edward Lytton gave some acres of land on his estate near Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, as a site for the proposed institution; and he also wrote a play, "Not so Bad as we Seem," which was performed in London and in some of the provincial

towns by a dramatic company which comprised among its members many literary men and artists of reputation. The profits derived from the representation of this play were to be devoted, with such subscriptions as might be received from professional and honorary members, to the erection and endowment of "The Guild Institution," to consist of several residences to be occupied by members elected on the foundation. Twelve years have passed, and by many "The Guild of Literature and

Art" has been forgotten, but the task had not been relinquished, and we have now to record its completion. Three handsome residences in the Gothic style have been erected on the land given by Sir E. B. Lytton, and abutting on the high road, about a quarter of a mile from the pleasant town of Stevenage. The situation is an admirable one. The site is elevated, and commands an extensive view of the fine country. Near to the residences are a number of curious tumuli, close to each other which are popularly known as the seven hills of Stevenage. Two miles distant, in a southerly direction, is Knebworth, the seat of Sir Edward Lytton, the green woods of which bound the undulating corn-fields which lie between. The residences, designed by Mr. H. A. Darbishire, honorary architect of the guild, are exceedingly picturesque in appearance, and are constructed with a due regard to the convenience and comfort of the occupants. The building is approached by an ample courtyard. The two end houses, which are larger than the centre one, are winged, with pointed gables, and the windows of the apartments in the upper story are bayed. An open corridor, carried on arches resting on pillars, stretches from wing to wing, and the entrance to each dwelling is within this. Over the central door, the stone arch of which bears the inscription, "Institution of the Guild of Literature and Art, Anno Domini 1865," there is a fine oval window. The building is of red brick, with stone facings. Each residence contains three sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, and well-arranged offices. There are also spacious gardens, pleasantly bounded by fertile fields and green plantations.

The building being completed, Mr. Charles Dickens, the vice-president, and many leading members of the guild, went down on Saturday, the 29th ult., to inspect it, and afterwards drove over to Knebworth to partake of the hospitality of the president, Sir Edward Lytton. Here they were met by a large number of the principal families of the county, whom Sir Edward had invited on the occasion. Among the guests were Countess Cowper and Lady Florence Cowper, Earl Cowper, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.; the Hon. Henry Cowper, M.P.; Sir Minto Farquhar, M.P.; Mr. Surtees, M.P.; Mr. S. G. Smith, M.P.; Colonel Bulwer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hendley Wilkinson, Canon Blomfield, and a large number of the gentry and clergy of the county. Among the members of the guild present were Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Absolon, Professor Amstead, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. Sidney Blanchard, Mr. Thomas Grieve, Mr. J. Hollingshead, Mr. Darbishire, Mr. A. Halliday, Mr. W. H. Wills, Mr. Edmund Yates, and Mr. R. Robinson.

The visitors, on arriving, passed through the house on to the terrace and wandered through the gardens, which are laid out with exquisite taste and so arranged that at every turn some new charm surprises the visitor. The principal apartments were subsequently thrown open, and, after spending some time in looking at the pictures and articles of vertu with which they are filled, the company repaired to the great hall, draped with the banners of successive generations of the Lyttons, where a sumptuous luncheon was served, after partaking of which appropriate toasts and speeches were given. The company then returned to the gardens, and many found their way to the beautiful inclosure, the well-trimmed hedges of which rose higher than the heads of the tallest men, where was dancing to the music of a fine band until seven o'clock. The weather was beautiful, the air fresh and bracing, and everything concurred to make the day spent at Knebworth a pleasant and a memorable one.



THE WELSH MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT AT TENBY.



INSTITUTION OF THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART, AT STEVENAGE, HERTS.—(H. A. DARBISHIRE, ARCHITECT.)

"IN LUCK'S WAY."—FROM A PICTURE BY O. O'RIELEY, IN THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



"I' DONT COMKE DE S'ID.T." "HE SLEEPS LIKE A WOODEN SHOE."—FROM A PICTURE BY W. J. JENKINS.



"IN LUCK'S WAY."

THE love of what is called sport is, like hope, inherent in the human breast; and whether it be the hunter in African wilds who bags elephants for game and stalks lions and gorillas, or the wonderful German who gets himself up in a jäger costume and takes out a great dog and a double-barrelled gun to shoot an attenuated rabbit, mankind persists in the right of slaughter exercised upon the inferior animals. Even the veritable cockney will sometimes try his luck with an old fowling-piece on the low-lying tract of country which he knows as "Hackney Marshes;" and the smallest schoolboy who can climb a wall will run the double risk of robbing an apple-orchard and securing a bird's nest while he leaves his brick-built sparrow-trap to the chance of some inexperienced nestling, heedless of the chattered warning of its more wily seniors. However seriously we may and should deprecate the stealing of bird's nests, there is something very fascinating to the youthful mind in gaining such a prize; there is the same exquisite pleasure of peril in climbing the tree which leads to the formation of Alpine clubs and the ascent of almost inaccessible mountains; and then, the nest once attained, what a triumphal descent with the beautiful tiny blue and mottled eggs lying safely in their bed of moss, or the young fledglings, gaping for fear or for food! What matters even though the errand be delayed and corporal punishment ensue—the prize has been gained, and the contemplation of those pearly eggs, or the rearing of the birdlings, will be ample compensation for days to come. It is seldom, indeed, that any boy, even country bred, is in such luck's way as to find nest and fruit on the same tree; but Mr. Oakley has hit upon this happy expedient for a charming picture, the very contemplation of which, in this stifling autumn-tide in London, leads us away to green fields and breezy hedgerows.

"IL DORT COMME UN SABOT."

To dogs and children belong that wonderful instinct which recognises virtue in the human face, and can trace, by some fine and subtle process, the kindness of a man's heart shining through features impenetrable to the glance of a Lavater or a Spurzheim. Happy the man to whom the little rosy roguers of the household cling, with their fresh faces nestled lovingly in his breast. Scarcely less happy he to whom dogs of every degree accord a caudal welcome, and whose footsteps even the street cur will turn to follow, with a sort of wistful claim upon his beneficence. It is this common instinct, perhaps, which unites dogs and children, and that dog should not live which snarled and snarled at a pair of chubby legs, while that child should assuredly be made to drink the waters of affliction who hurt or tortured the mangiest cur alive. Left to themselves, however, this is scarcely likely to happen, and cruelty or ill-temper on either side may generally be traced to evil training; so that we may take it for granted that "the friend of man" is also the playmate of children; and whether it be the gaunt English hound; the rough, rollicking water-dog; the unclassified rover of any or of every breed; or the fat, lazy French poodle, who owes so much to art that he is to be respected for retaining his original nature,—they may all be regarded as having a place in the household by virtue of their love to the little ones.

Mr. Jenkins has contributed a picture to the Water-Colour Society which will very easily call up all these reflections, and that charming little piquante water-carrier may well be excused for resting her heavy pitcher while she contemplates the indolence of that incorrigible Lulu or Fidele, who affects ignorance of any disturbing power, and is, indeed, as impenetrable as a wooden shoe.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL has resigned his office. This resignation must not be laid to the charge of the electors of Bury. If the right honourable gentleman had chosen to keep his office, a seat, no doubt, would have been found for him. He retires because his health has broken down, and, further, because a crushing sorrow has fallen upon him. In 1857 he married a beautiful and accomplished lady, the daughter of Sir John Shelley, Bart., of Ovington, Hampshire. This, I have heard, was not a marriage of convenience, but a true love match. The death, then, of his wife is a tremendous blow to Mr. Peel; and, at present, the path of life seems to be all broken up, and before him there is darkness as of night. The resignation of Mr. Peel will be a serious loss to the Government; for though, owing to a certain coldness of manner, he was not popular, either in the house or at the Treasury, he was a very able Financial Secretary. He has had a long official training, is a hard worker, and possesses a natural aptitude for finance. I do not believe that the Government has at hand a really competent man to fill this vacant place.

It is rumoured that Mr. Childers is to succeed Mr. Peel; and no doubt this rise would be acceptable to Mr. Childers, for his salary as Junior Lord of the Admiralty is only £1000 a year, whilst the salary of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury is £2000. It will be long, though, before Mr. Childers can hope to be so competent for the place as Mr. Peel. And now, supposing Mr. Childers goes to the Treasury, who will succeed Mr. Childers? Perhaps Mr. Stansfeld will be invited to take his old post, from which he was so ruthlessly driven by party malevolence a year ago. His most active persecutors have departed Parliamentary life—Finsbury has killed Cox, Sir Henry Stracy (him of the dagger and the bowl), whom Mr. Bernal Osborne so wittily described) has been relegated to private life by the election for Yarmouth; and I should say all that party malevolence with which Mr. Stansfeld was assailed has died out, if there ever was any real malevolence. I suspect, and have always suspected, that it was simulated, and not real. But why should not Mr. Stansfeld take the secretaryship of the Treasury? He is the best man of the two for this arduous and important post. There was, 'tis true, a rumour that Lord Clarence Paget was to retire upon the pension which he has now earned, and that Mr. Stansfeld was to have the secretaryship of the Admiralty. But this rumour seems to have died away. I suspect, though, that Lord Clarence has had wellnigh enough of that troublesome place; and certainly the House of Commons would look with favour upon a change. But, whoever may represent the Admiralty in the house next Session will find himself in very different circumstances to those which surrounded the Secretary in the last Parliament; for nearly all the pertinacious Admiralty critics have lost their seats. Sir James Elphinstone is gone, and no more will the house resound with his brassy, quarter-deck eloquence; Sir James's voice always sounded as if it came through a speaking-trumpet. Sir John Hay, too, is politically defunct; and so is Sir Frederick Smith. No doubt, amongst the new members some Admiralty critics may be found, but it will be remarkable if three so pertinacious as Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Frederick should turn up. A new power is growing up in Parliament, which is already very formidable, and will get more so, and will have to be looked after—I mean the railway power. It was said that, in the last House, there were forty directors of railways. They were called the "forty thieves." I have no hesitation in quoting this designation, because I heard it from a railway magnate. "Have you got all our forty thieves together?" said one railway director to another, when some proposal injurious to railway interests was before the House. But, if there were forty directors in the last Parliament, there are more in this; for, although several have been sent to the rightabout—Mr. Brown Westhead, the Chairman of the London and North-Western, for example—the number of new ones returned is much greater than the number of old ones dismissed. In fact, reckoning the railway directors, railway projectors, railway contractors, and all the members over whom these railway magnates have influence, directly or indirectly, the railway interest will be so powerful in the house that all legislation upon railways and matters cognate thereto will be completely under its control; and this interest is growing, and will grow. Its power out of the house to return members is very great; and all this power is exercised to strengthen its power in the house. Mr. Lawson, no doubt, had to contend with the "wittling" interest. The licensed "wittlers" de-

termined to move heaven and earth—and, if need be, another place—to turn out Mr. Lawson; but he would have got in, in spite of the "wittlers," if the railway interest had not gone against him. There are somewhere about 150 voters in the employ of the railway, and these, almost to a man, voted for Hodgson, who is a director of the line. Many of these voters, if not most of them, are old freemen, who are employed by the company on purpose that their votes may be secured to strengthen the railway interest in Parliament; and as it is at Carlisle, so it is at every town in which there is a large railway station. Here, then, is a great power grown up, and still growing, in the house which will have to be watched. Parliament has already ruled that no member shall sit on a Committee appointed to consider a railway bill in which he is interested; perhaps Parliament may have to pass an order forbidding railway directors to vote on any railway legislative measure.

We are gravely told by Mr. Hennessy that the Sheriff of King's County, in casting up the poll, missed a leaf; and that, if the votes recorded on the leaf had been counted, Mr. Hennessy would have been returned by a majority of fourteen. But how could this be? Mr. Hennessy, of course, had a check clerk, and so had Sir Patrick O'Brien, and so had Mr. King. If, then, Mr. Hennessy's statement be true, this must have happened:—First, the Sheriff must have blundered in turning over two leaves at once; but in England (and I suppose it is so in Ireland) some official checks the Sheriff. Secondly, then, this official must have blundered in the same way. Thirdly, Mr. Hennessy's check clerk must have done so likewise. Fourthly, and so must Mr. King's check clerk; and here note that Mr. King is a Conservative, and certainly would not have conspired against Mr. Hennessy. Of Sir Patrick's check clerk I say nothing; but, again, please to notice that at this election, as at all others, returns at due intervals were made by the check clerks to their respective committees; the numbers on every page in the check clerks' books must have been cast up as the pages were filled. If, therefore, the Sheriff had made the mistake alleged, the check clerks would have detected it at once, because he must have carried over a wrong number. No, Mr. Hennessy, this will not do. There is no missing leaf in the book of fate. You are out, and there may you remain until you shall have learned a great deal that you have to learn before you can be a good member of Parliament; and, above all, until you shall have tempered with some cold drops of modesty your skipping spirit!

I had been on an excursion amongst the mountains in the neighbourhood of Keswick, and on my return was met by this piece of doleful news—Mr. Caleb Morris is dead. "Well," perhaps some of my readers may say, "and, pray, who was Mr. Caleb Morris? We never heard of him." To whom I answer, "Perhaps not; for Mr. Caleb Morris never was extensively known. Mr. Caleb Morris, then, let me say, was a Dissenting minister, and used, some years ago, to preach in a chapel in Fetter-lane. But to designate Mr. Caleb Morris as a Dissenting minister is not to describe him fairly. He was a Dissenter, inasmuch as he did not belong to the Church of England; but really he was far too large-souled a man for any sect. About twelve years ago Mr. Morris relinquished the pastorate of the congregation in Fetter-lane, and subsequently a select few of his friends used to gather round him on Sundays in the drawing-room of his house in Mecklenburgh-square. It was during this period of his life that I came to know Mr. Morris. I lived near him, got introduced to him, attended these gatherings, and, what was better still, was often permitted to hold social converse with him; and, reader, if I am not the wiser and the better man for these privileges, it is my fault; for a wiser or better man I never knew, and never expect to know in this world.

Everybody is talking of the cattle-plague, and a great deal of diversity of opinion seems to prevail as to its causes and its consequences. As to the causes, I am inclined to agree both with those who say it comes from abroad and those who aver that it is generated at home. The first class—who, of course, are persons engaged in the foreign cattle trade—maintain that the cattle shipped for this country at foreign ports are examined and ascertained to be healthy before embarkation. This may be true, and yet the animals bear within them the seeds of disease, which of course will develop themselves in the stalls or pasture-fields of England; for it is scarcely possible to believe that an animal predisposed, by weakness or otherwise, to disease can remain healthy in the holds of some cattle-boats which I have seen unloaded near Blackwall. I remember one occasion on which I went to witness the unloading of a cattle-boat, when the stench was so great when the coverings were removed from the hold that I and others were compelled to beat a hasty retreat. An animal may thus be healthy when embarked, and seem so when landed, and yet carry in its blood and tissues the elements of virulent disease. Then as to the possibility of the disease being a home produce. If we look into some of the dens in which cows are kept, in London, we can neither marvel at their having disease among them, nor be greatly inclined to partake of the milk they yield. Close, dark, dirty, wet, unventilated, miserable holes are the places in which some dairymen lodge their cattle. I do not say that all cow-lairs in London, or even the greater portion of them, are like this; but some are, and mischief is there originated from which all suffer. For instance, I saw, one day this summer, in a dairy-yard in the outskirts of London, half a dozen cows wallowing about up to their bellies in semi-liquid filth. Could they be healthy under such circumstances? Of course not; and that's another way in which disease is engendered. So here we have two means by which pestilence may be originated, and both by contamination of the blood with poisonous matter, which is exactly what the new disease is proved to be. As for spreading the mischief, there are at least a dozen ways of doing that—by contact with infected animals, by breathing tainted air, by eating of the same fodder or feeding on the same pasture, even by standing or walking on the same ground as diseased animals. There seems no mystery at all as to how the plague arises: the point is to find out how to check it, and I think cleanliness and better care will go far to do that. Of the consequences, one will certainly be a panic against eating beef (which, by-the-by, will not lead to a "saving of bacon"), for diseased cattle are being sent to market in large numbers, and I for one don't care to swallow pleuro-pneumonia or "riaderpest" in each beef-steak I eat.

Can any one tell me what I am to eat? Lamb and veal are forbidden—firstly, because they are flavourless and innutritious; and, secondly, because, by killing calves and lambs, butchers check the supply of beef and mutton. Fish is bad and dear. Game is not in season. Pork, like oysters, should never be eaten during the months without the R. One cannot live upon poultry. Rabbits have a curious taste for the deadly nightshade, which does not injure them when alive, but exhibits its active poisonous principle in the form of atropine after they have been cooked. Beef and mutton suggest the new cattle-disease. The only safe meal I know of (eggs excepted) is bread (aerated—not bakers') spread with salad-oil, and flavoured with pepper and salt, after the manner of the Italians. Very nice, indeed, for those who can eat it; but the acquirement is one which falls to the lot of few Englishmen. Nevertheless, this diet—especially if followed by a little seasonable fruit—contains most, if not all, of the ingredients necessary for the satisfaction of the appetite, the gratification of the palate, and the sustenance of life.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

There is a monthly magazine called *Our Own Fireside*, which I cannot say I admire; but the number for August happens to contain a paper called "The Cry of the Dumb," which has sufficient interest to induce me to call attention to it. It gives, from a forthcoming work, a specimen woodcut of a Picture-Lesson (a sketch of a kitchen, in which familiar objects are labelled with their names), which is very pleasingly done. The expression of the deaf and dumb boy's face is excellent. To all which I may add that the account given by "J.B." of the progress of the deaf and dumb pupil, Frank, in acquiring elementary notions of all kinds is very

interesting. The rest of the magazine contains as many errors as it does pages. I can scarcely believe my eyes when I find there is any public for such literature.

I have just fallen in with two odd specimens of the sort of thing which some people take for pathetic, or religious, or poetry. In a music-shop window I observed, at the usual price, with an "Illustration," a "Dirge for Abraham Lincoln." Of the words to the music two lines were given upon the front page, and they were these—

Men of honour, station, income,
Sing a dirge for Abraham Lincoln!

The other specimen which I shall give is from a "poem" called the "Spiritual Railway," divided into two sections—the "Up line" and the "Down line":—

Appollyon is the Engineer,
His coat of arms his servants wear;
The steam his breath, which drives the train—
The fire is sin, which feeds the flame.

The first, second, and third train
Are full of passengers within;
The steam is up, the flag unfurled,
How quick they move to yonder world.

Here fortune smiles, and pleasures gay,
At every station on the way;
Here dress and fashion you may find,
Of every sort, of every kind.

The cheerful glass is drank with glee,
And cards and music you may see!
Both old and young, rich and poor,
All standing near the station door.

One need not explain that this is from the "Down line!"

Talking about verses, *Our Own Fireside* prints as a "Song for August," and ostensibly as an original contributed poem, Harriet Martineau's well-known lines, beginning—

Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still.

This little poem is usually found in the most "heretical" company!

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gave us, the other night, one of the very few things that it has ever given us adapted to touch the heart—a paper by Mr. Anthony Trollope, entitled "The Man who Travels Alone." The reader of this column may implicitly believe me when I say that it is a sketch which will bear reading a great many times, so extremely good is it. My copy of it has been spirited away by somebody who admires it, "not [honestly] but too well," so I cannot be sure which it is; but I think it is Monday's.

Competent judges assure me that Mr. Trollope's new story, in the *Fortnightly*, "The Belton Estate," is of high excellence. I quite believe it, and am sure I hope it; for one needs something to remove the taste of Mr. Trollope's recent "criticism" of Mr. Ruskin, in that review. If Mr. Ruskin is out of his place in handling political economy, where must Mr. Trollope be when he handles Mr. Ruskin?

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Affairs theatrical remain dull, even for this dull time of year. What is called in green-rooms the "legitimate" drama—that is, plays in five acts and no plays in less than five acts—still reigns at the Haymarket. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton's melodrama of "The Lady of Lyons" has been produced, with Mr. Walter Montgomery as the hero-swindler-prince-gardener, and Miss Heath as Pauline, and have received deserved applause. The other characters in the play were effectively rendered. I hear that "King John" is to be revived before these lines are in print; and, if the news be true, I shall have something to say respecting it next week. On Saturday last hardly a seat was to be obtained. Many people were turned from the doors. It was a real "Dundreary" house. There was an alertness and vivacity about the theatre that was shared by even the checktakers, who seemed singularly alive to the joyfulness of the occasion, and evidenced their pleasure by perspiring copiously. What could be the reason of this unexpected "lift" in the "business," as it is called in theatrical parlance? Surely, not the worn-out drama of "The Lady of Lyons." That has been seen by everybody, and has become to the judicious playgoer a sort of vested nuisance. And yet, on the other hand, "The Lady of Lyons" is always attractive, because, I suppose, the injudicious are so much more numerous than the judicious, and because the hero, Claude Melnotte, is such a thorough scoundrel and audiences are always interested in scoundrels—Fra Diavolo, Massaroni, Cartouche, Jack Shepherd, &c. Mr. William Sykes, both as a burglar and a gentleman, is a more interesting personage than both the Brothers Cherrybyle rolled into one. I am rather disposed to place the excitement of Saturday last to the transplantation from the New Royalty of Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "Ixion," which, as will be remembered, was a great success, and ran for many, many nights. The favourite extravaganza was played with almost the original cast; the exceptions being, that on Saturday Miss Clara Denvil acted Ixion, vice Miss Teresa Furtado, who has exchanged to the Adelphi; that Miss Helen Howard appeared as Cupid, vice a lady whose name I cannot remember; and that Minerva, which formerly fell to the lot of Mr. Felix Rogers, is now played by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who has adopted the stage as a profession. Let me here say that the new candidate for public favour is not an amateur, but has studied the calling that he has adopted with advantages possessed by but few actors. It is perhaps for this reason that Mr. Lewis Wingfield delivered his lines with more point, and with a better appreciation of their meaning, than the other gods and goddesses around him. Mr. Lewis Wingfield made Minerva a bluestocking, fond of flattery, the attentions of young gentlemen, and scandal—but a lady *avant tout*. As was remarked to me by a very accomplished critic who sat beside me, his face, his eyes, and manner were reminiscent of John Parry, and we can imagine John Parry as Minerva! Of the acting of the other parts I cannot speak in terms of praise. I would only point out that burlesque dialogue should not be delivered in couplets, but "cut up" like prose; that rhymes will sound for themselves, without a too-marked emphasis on the concluding syllable; and that puns and jokes should be neither jerked at an audience nor masticated so as to be inaudible. The costumes and scenery in the Haymarket "Ixion" are very handsome and appropriate. The "breakdowns" and dances were executed admirably; but the vocal efforts of all the ladies—with the exception of Miss Harriett Pelham, who sings well—were as ill-timed as they were ill-tuned. No person is born an accomplished dancer. The art has to be learned, and the same curious fact is true as regards singing. Every young lady can sing a little, nowadays; and actresses who want to sing must study, like other people. There is no royal road to vocal celebrity. Even Pasta and Sontag knew something of music. First catch your voice, before you cultivate it; and then be sure that a good voice and correct ear are not the invariably-accompanying charms to a pretty face and symmetrical figure.

It is said that Mr. Fechter is about to produce a dramatic version of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," at the Lyceum, in which he is to personate Edgar of Ravenswood.

SEASIDE HOME.—The Herbert Memorial committee, after long and repeated examinations of different localities which had been recommended or had suggested themselves as likely to be suitable for the site of a convalescent home, have at length purchased a piece of land at Bournemouth, situated on a high cliff facing south, at a short distance from the town. An elaborate plan prepared two years ago, under the direction of Miss Nightingale, by some of the civil servants of the Crown employed at the War Office has been put into the hands of Mr. Wyatt, the architect, to be adapted to the locality, and it is proposed to obtain estimates and commence the actual building during the ensuing autumn. It has been determined to unite "The Herbert Convalescent Home" to the Salisbury Infirmary, the terms of union being that, though both are to be under one trust—namely, a Royal charter, each will be independent in respect of funds. The treasurers report that the balance of subscriptions paid or promised, after the payment of £2000 to Baron Marchetti for the statue at Salisbury, and £201 for expenses, is £3976.

Literature.

Sesame and Lilies. Two Lectures. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

There is a good story going that, on the dethronement of Thackeray, the new editor of the *Cornhill*, in all the flush of new-found dignity, wrote to two well-known people for contributions. To a celebrated art critic he wrote for "one of his charming essays on the fine arts." To a distinguished astronomer he applied for "one of his lucid essays on the glories of the heavens." But, alas! for the disappointment of human (and editorial) hopes and aspirations, the astronomer sent in a very large instalment of a translation of Homer's "Iliad," and the art-critic forwarded a discussion on political economy. The story is so good that we fear it is not true; and yet there is every reason why such a thing should have occurred. The observer of human nature cannot but have perceived the proneness of men to have a special ambition to do—and a special pleasure in doing—that for which they are least fitted. The comic writer believes that his line is the compounding of treatises on the lachrymal gland, while writers of proverbial philosophy will now and then fall into the mistake of supposing poetry their vocation, or will even send anonymous contributions to facetious papers. The very want of appreciation that makes them work so ill at the model they have chosen prevents their perceiving how bad their work is. Or, possibly, the error arises from another cause. What says Browning?

What of Raphael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair, and simple and sufficient—
Using Nature, that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's grown his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry.
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture;
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only."

May not this, in a modified form, account for the waywardness which leads men who can do really great things in their own peculiar path to quit it, and make themselves ridiculous by stumbling in unaccustomed ways? For love substitute self-love, and for "the One" read "number one," and then the vanity, which is, quite as much as ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds," accounts for the folly to which the old similes, a fish out of water and a swan on a turnpike road owe their existence.

Whether the anecdote we have quoted at the commencement of this article be true or not we cannot venture to say. But one thing is clear: since the appearance of Mr. Ruskin's "Unto this Last" in the *Cornhill* we have sorely missed his really valuable art-criticism, and deeply deplored his vagaries in the direction of political economy.

"Sesame and Lilies," with the sub-titles "King's Treasures" and "Queen's Gardens" attached to the two lectures which make up the volume, must be set down alongside of Raphael's sonnet and Dante's picture—productions which, most probably, to the critical eye, would have no value beyond the curiosity naturally felt at seeing how badly some things can be done by men who can accomplish others so nobly!

To the affectation which gives such titles as the above to lectures professedly teaching "How and what to read" and "Why to read" it is too late to object. There is such a picturesque eccentricity of thought, such play of fancy, about this style of nomenclature that, when applied to his art-lectures, it seemed in keeping with the fantastic beauty of his language and his thought; and by this time Mr. Ruskin has probably become deaf and hardened to expostulation on this score. But we must nevertheless protest against it, no less than against the oddity of speaking of these lectures as teaching "How and what to read" and "Why to read," when they are in reality mere rhapsodies on things in general and men and women in particular. We must also condemn the childish nonsense of printing the report of an inquest in red. It is unworthy of Mr. Ruskin, and unartistic.

Having concluded our objections, what have we to say more? That the same charm of style, the same picturesque force, the same effective and startling occasional roughness, almost unintelligibility, mark this as they do all Mr. Ruskin's works. A vigorous brain pursuing a wrong train of thought, and wasting its energies on a subject beyond its sphere, is, however, neither a profitable nor a pleasant subject of contemplation. Nor can we forget that, while we are anxiously listening for Mr. Ruskin's earnest and able utterances on art—essays which, though we may differ from them on some points, have the inestimable value belonging to the writings of a man who has long studied and deeply loved his subject—he is fruitlessly expending time and power on these hysterical and incoherent railings at the principles of political economy. A cobbler going beyond his last is a laughable object; a Ruskin deserting art for a crotchet is a spectacle which thinking men deplore, and must try to remedy.

Wit and Wisdom from West Africa; or, a Book of Proverbial Philosophy, Idioms, Enigmas, and Laconisms. Compiled by RICHARD F. BURTON, late her Majesty's Consul to the Bight of Biafra and Fernando Po; Author of "A Mission to Dahomey," "A Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah," &c. (Tinsley Bros.)

It has been said that a proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one. But a proverb need not contain either wit or wisdom. It usually consists of rough observation of life put into the form of imagery. The maker of the proverb turns abstract into concrete and produces a parable in little. For example—Character exposed to many temptations is commonly found to break down after a certain number of trials. This is a generalisation of no particular value, and it is not handy for use; it is not striking. But it becomes handy and striking if we say, with the Spanish proverb, "The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last." This sort of thing may be called the small change of *ex post facto* wisdom. Most people have observed life sufficiently to find a meaning in it, so that when anything occurs to which it seems appropriate it is quoted with that sort of pleasure which is found to accompany the sense of parallelism in things remote.

Again, Every effect must have a cause. This, translated into imagery, becomes, Wherever there is smoke there is fire, and then we have a proverb. Not of the smallest value, it is true, and usually perverted into this false meaning—that wherever there is a report there must be some true foundation for it. Whereas, all we can certainly affirm of any report is that there must be somebody to originate it. Real smoke must come from real fire, and the parallel proposition would be, a report in which there is fact must have fact for its foundation: rather a trivial result. In common talk, the proverb is usually employed to point the lesson, that although people exaggerate in gossip there is usually something real to start from.

It has been said that proverbs go in pairs, one contradicting the other, and that is true; the substantial uniformity of human experience being attested by the fact that wherever you find proverbs at all you find them in these pairs. You do not find one member of the couple in Italy without the other, and then find the missing member at the North Pole—you always get the two together. The solution of the doubleness is easy enough. One class of proverbs expresses the mishaps of goodness militant and struggling; the other the fortunes of goodness triumphant and able to adjust itself to circumstances.

The proverbs of different nations will, of course, be found accommodated, in respect of the imagery employed, to the natural objects surrounding the people. In the Arctic circle we shall have the bear, and the fir-tree, and the ice; within the tropics, the crocodile and the maize-plant—or in that wise, at all events. But, of course, natural objects common to all countries will supply the bulk of the symbolical language employed everywhere. The proverbs of West Africa follow the usual analogies; and, for whatever purpose it may be taken up, this is a most

amusing book. Not a monument of any great labour on the part of Captain Burton, who, indeed, always takes things easily; but a very ingenious and entertaining collection, made by a most accomplished man of the world. We have much pleasure in recommending it; and, beyond its use to students in anthropology, the volume may have a value of its own to readers comparatively incurious in such matters. Not only is it very amusing, for the exhibition of the "wisdom" of proverbs in unaccustomed symbols may well teach observant readers how very little it is to be trusted for guidance by such as have not yet seen enough of life to be half-way to the very wisdom hinted at in the proverbs.

The Lord Mayor of London; or, City Life in the Last Century. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Chapman and Hall.

The "Lord Mayor of London" is another of those historical romances, in the production of which the pen of Mr. Ainsworth is so facile, and of which, since the death of G. P. R. James and J. G. Edgar, he has had almost an entire monopoly. To be sure, both the writers we have named, as a rule, dealt with different periods, and wrote in a very different style from the author of the work before us; but they may all three be classed together as the only recent adherents of the historical romantic school of literature, once so much in vogue, but which, save Messrs. James, Ainsworth, and Edgar, has had few disciples of late years. The social novel, the philosophical novel, the novel of modern life and manners, the so-called metaphysical novel (which aims, whether it succeeds or not, at depicting the inner workings of the mind and heart), the sensation novel, and the fashionable novel (generally the most trashy and untrue to reality of all), have recently quite pushed the good old historical romance aside. This is to be regretted; for, after all, there was perhaps more picturesque, portrayable life in the olden times, than in these ill-clad, hoop-skirted, Oxford-coated, matter-of-fact days. Mr. Ainsworth's productions are not, perhaps, the very highest specimens of the style of composition to which they belong, and may not be successful in reviving a taste for the historical romance; but they are always interesting; they portray men and women and manners at the period in which their action is laid, and cannot fail to impart a vivid idea of what manner of men lived and loved, and strove, and conquered or were conquered, in the times of which they treat.

The last of Mr. Ainsworth's works which we had occasion to notice—"Cardinal Pole"—was concerned with the period during which England was ruled by the "bloody" Mary and the gloomy Philip, and when freedom of conscience and bigoted persecution were struggling for ascendancy. The present work—reprinted, like its predecessor and so many more of the author's productions, from *Bentley's Miscellany*—deals with a later and very different epoch—that, namely, "when George the Third was King," and when he had only just begun his long and eventful reign. Those who wish to know what is Mr. Ainsworth's ideal of what a Lord Mayor of London should be; what was the estimation in which the youthful Monarch's favourite, Lord Bute, was held in the City and, through it, in the country generally; and what were the characters and peculiarities of City magnates and City dames a hundred years ago, will find all they seek for in Mr. Ainsworth's pages. They will there find also, what most of us knew before, especially those who are familiar with Mr. Thackeray's "Four Georges," that the style of female dress was as preposterous then—indeed, more so—than it is now. The distended crinolines of the present day may to some extent vie with the hoops of our great-grandmothers; but surely no woman, and certainly no Lady Mayoress, would now attend the great annual civic festival in a head-dress upwards of 3 ft. in height. A head-dress 3 ft. in height! Stuffed with tow, and surmounted by plumes of feathers, and the wearer of which could not take it off or go to bed for a fortnight!—as long, that is, as the fabric was calculated to last. Think of that, ye modelers of modern bonnets! Not even your "coal-scuttles" and "poke-ups" could match that!

Of the story told in the "Lord Mayor of London" we will say nothing. Our readers may go to the book itself for that. We will not spoil their pleasure by disclosing it. But we can assure them, that if they are not likely to be displeased with a somewhat faulty style, and can enjoy a good, amusing, and interesting story, they will get full value for the two shillings the book costs.

The work is dedicated to the late Lord Mayor Cubitt, a most worthy and exemplary specimen of a London chief magistrate, no doubt; still we think Mr. Ainsworth might have been a little—just a very little—less fulsome in his praises of that civic dignitary. With this single word of deprecation, we recommend the "Lord Mayor of London" to the lovers of light literature and the admirers of the historical romance.

Herbert Fry's Shilling Guide to the London Charities for 1865-6. R. Hardwicke.

The London charities! How large and how universal must be the charities of London when Mr. Fry's alphabetical list of them occupies 150 pages, containing the names of from eighteen to twenty different institutions on each page, or nearly 2000 benevolent institutions in all! Are they all as really useful as they are diversified in their objects and well-intentioned in their aims? It may, perhaps, be doubted; but into that big subject we need not enter in noticing this, the third annual edition of Mr. Herbert Fry's excellent Shilling Guide to the London Charities. Were they not, amongst others, dealt with in that remarkable speech of Mr. Gladstone on public charities? To the right hon. gentleman we will leave the question of the utility of all these institutions; and only say that Mr. Fry's "Guide" contains most valuable information, in a plain, distinct, tabulated form as to the names of the London charities; when they were founded; where they are now situated; their objects; the income of each in 1864-5; the number of persons benefited in the same years; how, where, and when application for aid or information is to be made; the names of chief officials, &c. The work has been corrected up to June last, and shows the names, objects, and resources of every charity in London, including those founded (some ten or a dozen) within the past year. To those persons seeking information respecting the charities of London Mr. Fry's useful little manual must be invaluable.

Guide to Cook's Tours in France, Switzerland, and Italy. Compiled by THOMAS COOK, Tourist Manager, London and Leicester.

Those of our readers who have seen Mr. Edmund Yates's recently-published work, "The Business of Pleasure," which we noticed in our last Number, must know who and what Mr. Thomas Cook, of London and Leicester, is. Those who have not read Mr. Yates's amusing paper, entitled "My Excursion Agent," may be informed that Mr. Cook is a gentleman who organises tours over a variety of routes: to the English lakes; to Scotland; to France, Switzerland, Italy, &c., for a certain money payment, proportioned to the extent of the tour and other circumstances. Mr. Cook defrays railway and steam-boat fares over the route travelled; he ensures admissions and guidance to all the sights and objects of interests on the route; he bespeaks good entertainment at the best hotels at each halting-place; and he will even, on occasion, lend money to his excursionists (which he declares he has never had occasion to regret doing); in short, he acts generally as guide, philosopher, and friend to those (be they men or women) who intrust themselves to his care. The Guide at present before us embraces Mr. Cook's tours in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and contains ample information as to the places to be seen, hotel charges, probable expenses, conveyances, money, postages, equipments for the trip, and a host of other matters of importance. The book is also accompanied by a map, showing the route from London to Paris, and so on through Switzerland to Italy. Such a Guide as this must be invaluable to the excursionist; and, as we are now in the heat of the season, is a well-timed, convenient, and useful companion en route.

M. DURAND-BRAGER, the marine painter, has been ordered to accompany the French fleet at the fêtes which are to take place at Cherbourg, Brest, and Portsmouth.

THE PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON IN COCHIN-CHINA.

WE have already published several illustrations representing the manners and customs of the natives of Cochin-China since that country has been opened up by the French army of occupation, and our Engraving this week is taken from the sketch of one of the most imposing ceremonies of the whole year. The Procession of the Dragon is an annual festival, religiously observed in all the regions inhabited by the Chinese race, and may be said to be especially celebrated at Saigon, since each of the communities resident there have their separate display, that of the Cantonese being the most effective. These processions are always remarkable for the picturesque variety of the costumes, and the extraordinary decorations which accompany them; and the Chinese hold it as an essential duty to endeavour to impress Europeans with the richness and splendour of their spectacles. To this day they continue to adopt the costume of the various characters who are supposed to be represented, and these dresses, being embroidered with silver and gold, are of considerable value. The procession represented in our Engraving cost upwards of £2000. The goddesses are represented by young ladies, attired in all the symbolic costumes which are supposed to belong to the deities they personate, and are mounted either in palanquins or on trees carried in the procession. There are two of these extraordinary characters in our Engraving; and, in the same procession, one young lady carried an infant suspended to the end of a long wand.

Amidst the clamour of exploding petards, drums, tumtums, gongs, conches, and all the multitude of barbarous instruments in use amongst the natives, the procession moves on. The Chinaman is, like many quietly-disposed persons, firmly impressed with the value of noise when he wishes to distinguish himself, and all his music is of the most resonant and clamorous character.

The procession is led by a body of Chinese bearing gonfalons and banners. In their midst is borne a sort of circular dais, which is afterwards devoted to the use only of mandarins of the highest order; this is followed by the band playing madly, and it, in its turn, is succeeded by a number of palanquins, containing enormous quantities of provisions for the great feast. To guard this mass of provender comes a body of armed men bearing weapons of the most extraordinary character; and the whole of these are intermingled with those who bear the petards, and with those amongst the crowd who have inadvertently become mixed up with the procession.

Our readers would fail in any endeavour to pronounce the names of all the gods and goddesses who bring up the rear, and, though they are a great and glorious company, it would be useless to attempt any description of their extraordinary appearance, especially as the artist has already depicted some of them; but after these comes the dragon—the great object of worship amongst the Chinese. His effigy in the procession is somewhere about forty yards long, and is borne by a hundred perspiring Chinese, while before him is waved in the most tantalising manner a ball of polished steel, which the monster seems to be trying to devour, since he sways backwards and forwards in efforts which are continually evaded by the carrier of the coveted bait. The duty of the porters consists in giving the animal the lifelike appearance caused by this undulation, and those who carry the ball and the head have such arduous duties to perform that they have to be replaced by fresh "artists" every quarter of an hour.

CHOLERA CONTINUES TO SPREAD IN CONSTANTINOPLE, and the villages on the Bosphorus are now infected. A special medical commission has been organised. The daily average of deaths is 180. The disease has made its appearance in Italy, the deaths in Ancona from this cause, on the 4th inst., being thirty-four.

SOUTH SHIELDS is to be constituted a separate port from North Shields. An official communication was received on Saturday intimating that it had been determined to grant an independent custom-house, and giving instructions for the necessary steps to be taken in regard to the boundaries of the new port.

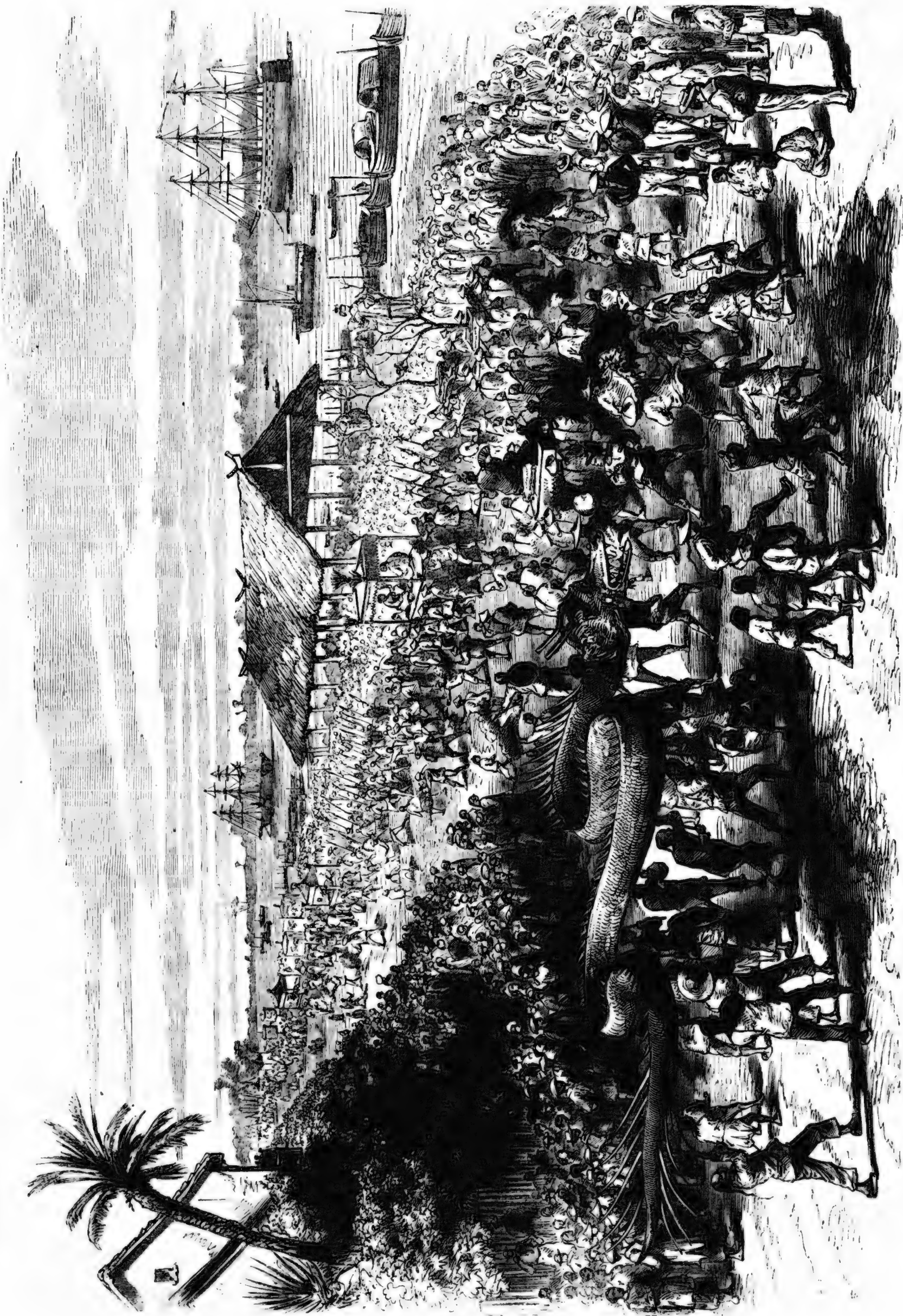
THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT CLUTTERBUCK. — Lawrence King has been sentenced to death, at the King's County Assizes, for the murder of Lieutenant Clutterbuck, of the 5th Fusiliers. The murder created a great sensation at the time it was perpetrated. The unfortunate officer went out on a shooting-expedition, and employed the prisoner as his boatman. From the evidence it appeared that, as Lieutenant Clutterbuck was returning, King took up a gun, shot him in the back of the head, then stripped the body and threw it in the river. The jury, strange to say, recommended the prisoner to mercy because he was under the influence of drink when he committed the murder; but the Judge declined to attend to the recommendation, as, he said, the deed was perpetrated "under circumstances of gross treachery."

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The great rowing-match for the championship of the Thames and a purse of £900 took place on the course between Putney and Mortlake, on Tuesday afternoon, the competitors being the well-known Robert Chambers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who had some time enjoyed the laurels of champion, and Henry Kelley, of Fulham, from whose brow Chambers had snatched them. An immense amount of interest was excited by the event, and the bridges, wharves, and banks were crowded by spectators; whilst the rival boats were accompanied by numerous steamers and small craft laden with passengers, who vociferously cheered their particular favourite. Chambers's prestige and undoubted skill, approved in many a gallant contest, made him the pet of the betting fraternity; but from the first it was clear that they entertained a respectful dread of his opponent, who, in fact, won the race by about five or six lengths.

HOW TO EXTEMPORISE RADISHES.—Radishes may be grown in a very few days, by the following method:—Let some good radish-seed soak in water for twenty-four hours; then put them into a bag and expose it to the sun. In the course of the day, germination will commence. The seed must then be sown in a well-manured hotbed, and watered from time to time with lukewarm water. By this treatment the radishes will, in a very short time, acquire a sufficient bulk, and be good to eat. If it be required to get good radishes in winter, during the severe cold, an old cask should be sawn in two, and one half of it filled with good earth. The radish-seed, beginning to shoot, as before, must be then sown in the other half of the barrel put on the top of the full one, and the whole apparatus carried down into the cellar. For watering, lukewarm water should be used, as before. In the course of five or six days, the radishes will be fit to eat.

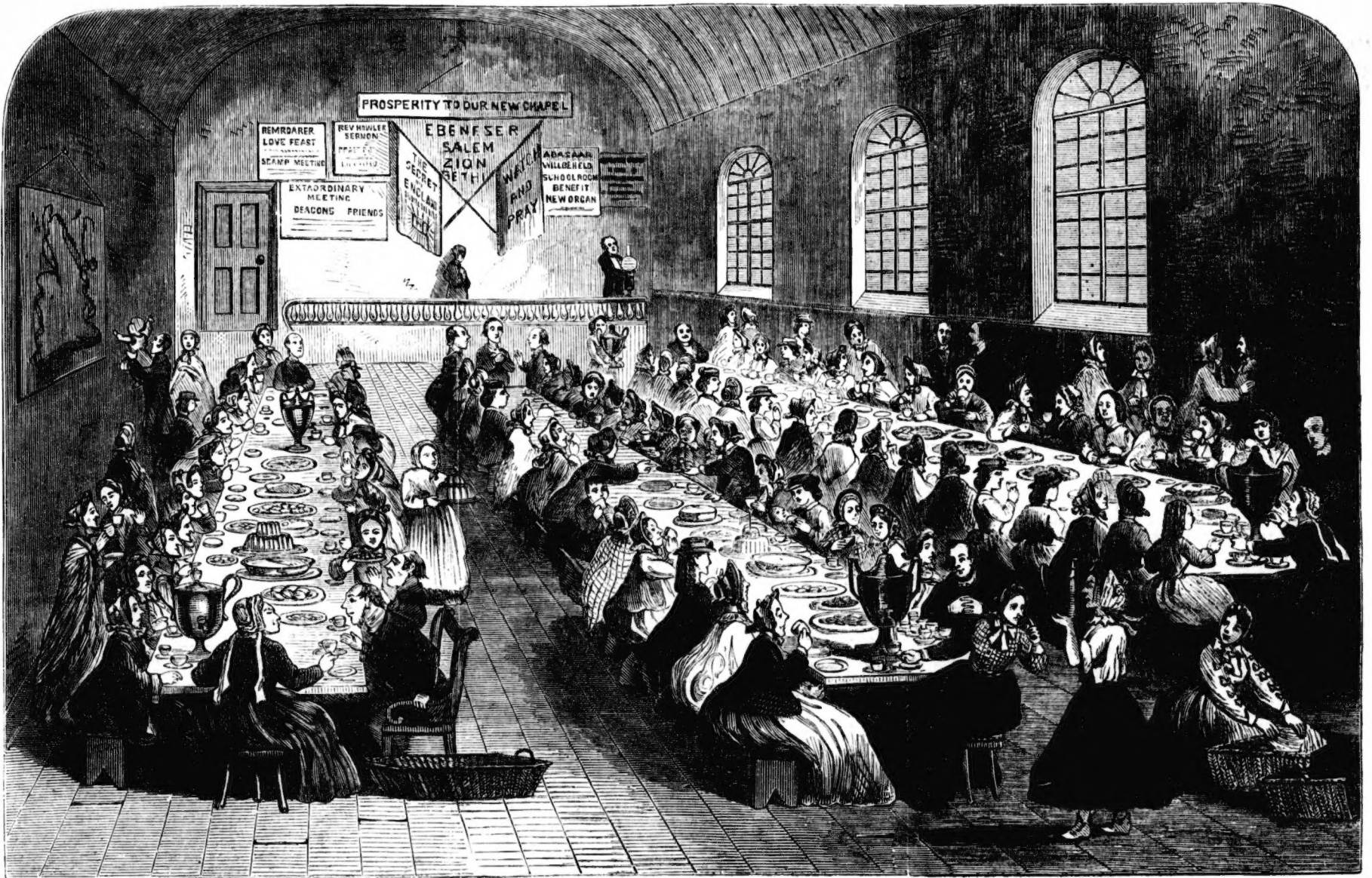
A YACHT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The *Dagmar*, a cutter yacht, recently completed for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales by Messrs. Harvey, of Wyvenhoe, near Colchester, is of 30 tons burden. The dimensions of the *Dagmar* are—Length on decks, 50 ft. 6 in.; main breadth, 13 ft. 7 in.; depth, 8 ft. 4 in.; draught of water, 8 ft. 6 in. The saloon is fitted with Spanish mahogany, walnut-tree, and bird's-eye maple. The ladies' cabin is superbly fitted with mirrors, couches, and spring cushions covered with crimson silk, &c. From the saloon forward on the starboard side is a commodious cabin for the captain, and on the opposite side is the pantry, with cooking apparatus supplied by Messrs. Faskell and Atkey, of Cowes. The sails are by Laphorn, of Gosport. The yacht, which will cost about £1500, has been built in ten weeks. She has left Wyvenhoe for Osborne, Isle of Wight, in charge of Captain Potter, of East Donyland, Essex, with a crew from Wyvenhoe and East Donyland.

THE VISIT OF THE CHANNEL FLEET TO FRANCE.—The ships composing the Channel Fleet, which is to sail for Cherbourg on the 14th, will be the *Edgar*, 71, Captain G. T. P. Hornby, flagship of Rear Admiral Sir Sydney Colpoys Dacres, K.C.B., the commander-in-chief; the *Black Prince*, 41, iron ship, Captain Lord Frederick H. Kerr; the *Prince Consort*, 35, iron-cased ship, Captain George O. Willes, C.B.; the *Hector*, 24, iron ship, Captain George B. Preedy, C.B.; the *Defence*, 16, iron ship, Captain Augustus Phillimore; the *Achilles*, 20, iron ship, Captain E. W. Vansittart; the *Liverpool*, 39, steam-frigate, Captain Rowley Lambert; the *Constance*, 22, steam-frigate; the *Royal Sovereign*, 5, iron-cased cupola ship; the *Victoria*, the *Salamis*, the *Trinculo*; the *Osborne*, *Royal yacht*; and *Enchantress*. The *Liverpool* and two other frigates will join the fleet to-day. The *Royal Sovereign* will proceed direct to Cherbourg from Portsmouth on the 13th. The *Osborne* and *Enchantress*, with the Duke of Somerset and all the Lords of the Admiralty, except Admiral Eden, will leave Portsmouth for Cherbourg on the 14th inst. The fleet is to remain at Cherbourg till the 17th or 18th, and then proceed to Brest, where it will probably remain about three days, and then meet the French fleet, consisting of six of the Mediterranean squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Bonet de Villeneuve, and two Rear Admirals, Maurelle and Saisset. The Prince of Wales is to accompany the fleet in his new yacht the *Dagmar*. The vessels which will compose the French squadron will be the *Couronne*, the *Gloire*, the *Normandie*, the *Solferino*, the *Provence*, and *Invincible*. The Cherbourg papers publish the programme of the fêtes about to be held there. The English fleet is expected on the 14th. On the 15th a great dinner will be given by the Minister of Marine at the Hôtel de Ville, and there will be a popular festival and fireworks; on the 16th, dinner and reception at the Maritime Prefecture; 17th, a dinner on board the Magenta; and a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville; and on the 18th the fleets leave for Brest. It is expected at Cherbourg that about fifty vessels belonging to the Royal Yacht Club will accompany the English squadron.



THE DRAGON PROCESSION AT SAIGON, COCHIN-CHINA.

SCENES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.



A TEA MEETING IN MELBOURNE.

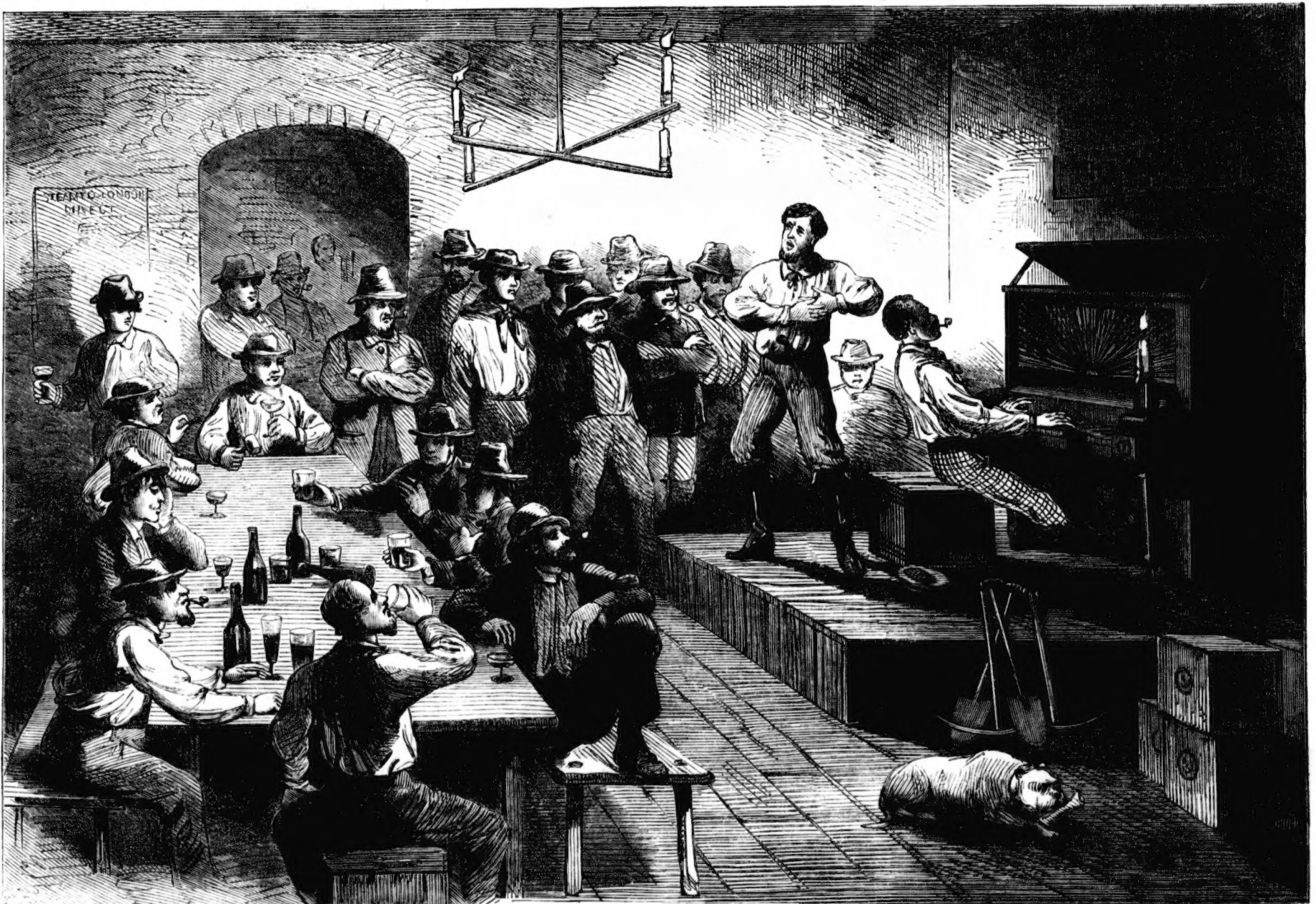
SKETCHES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

A TEA-MEETING IN MELBOURNE.

It is surprising how a few miles' distance from certain localities will often entirely change the whole habits and life of a person.

More especially do we find this exemplified in colonial life; for men who in Melbourne rigidly attend any meeting of a religious and temperate nature, studiously avoiding all other society, will not hesitate very often, when on the diggings, to attend (if we may use

the expression) an auriferous tea-meeting, which we endeavoured to depict a short time since; and such it is in every sense of the word. The attendants and company are gold-diggers and gold-diggers' wives, the conversation is mostly about gold-digging, and the actual



A CONCERT AT THE DIGGINGS.

locality a gold diggings. To such meetings, we repeat, particular or conscientious people will often resort. In some instances, tea-meetings on an old-established digging are carried through in a very decent manner; but, in some cases, if the style be decent, it is extremely intemperate.

We remember an instance on the Lachlan diggings of a gentleman of a religious turn of mind advertising to the effect that he intended to officiate as shepherd at a tea-meeting on the temperance system. The day arrived, and so did the shepherd, but, unfortunately, in a state of intoxication; his excuse being, on hearing that his condition was not likely to pass unnoticed, that he had come there in that condition to show his friends a practical illustration of the bad effects produced by intemperance.

Victoria was settled by voluntary efforts, and, as some of her early enemies admitted, never cost the mother country a farthing. Many persons have talked and written in a disparaging strain of the early colonists, but their enterprise and indomitable perseverance have never been excelled by any community, large or small. The political history of the settlement during the first fourteen years of its existence is but a continual struggle for emancipation from the unnatural union with New South Wales. The ultimate deliverance of the colony from a system of cruel oppression gives encouragement to oppressed people in every part of the world to persevere in their exertions for deliverance. Victoria, at length freed, commenced her independent existence under the fairest auspices. The spirit of her early politicians has been breathed into her political institutions, which are as free as any people need desire.

The founders of great cities, where any record of them has remained, have always received a considerable place in history. The student can hardly read the account of the founding of Rome or the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at New Plymouth without his fancy bringing up pleasing pictures of Romulus and John Carver. Amongst those who lay claim to be considered the founders of Victoria the name of Batman is already intertwined with many romantic associations. Buckley, although a very common-place character, has a history replete with incidents and wild adventure. In after ages, when Victoria has become a great and powerful country, these two, with Fawcett, Henty, and others, will have many a warm tribute paid to their memory by thousands who will be indirectly benefiting by their toils. In recording the permanent settlement of Victoria, it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that it was the very people, or their representatives, who had abandoned the colony in 1804 who, after an interval of a quarter of a century, returned from Van Diemen's Land to form permanent establishments on its shores. In 1834 Mr. Thomas Henty, who had emigrated to Launceston, explored a considerable portion of the southern coast of New Holland, with the view of obtaining a spot suitable for stock. Mr. Henty selected a tract near the present town of Portland, and made application to the Government for a grant of 20,000 acres of land. This request, although not formally granted at the time, was ultimately tacitly allowed, and Mr. Henty thus became the founder of the valuable district of Portland and the first bona fide settler in Victoria.

Our engraving represents a pastime much in favour in Melbourne, more particularly among the humbler and middle classes—viz., a tea-meeting; and, as these little social affairs are mostly got up for some charitable object, the attendance is generally large, and, like those held on the gold-diggings, are the means of producing subscriptions of no contemptible nature.

A CONCERT ON THE DIGGINGS.

Wherever money is plentiful, especially among the lower classes, means to get rid of it will be found as a natural consequence. The plain, steady-going domestic circle possesses but few charms to men who have never experienced its soothing influences, more especially at a time when they are in an unusual state of excitement, which is invariably the case on a gold-field, and particularly so if it be one recently discovered, or, in colonial parlance, a "new rush." After an arduous day's work, it is only natural that men, most of whom are single, should look for relaxation, when taking into consideration the fact of their having no homes wherein to pass their evenings, the only shelter possessed, or even wished for, by them being a small tent; a boarding-house on a new diggings not being the most enviable residence, the generality of them being nothing more or less than unlicensed tents on a large scale, where spirituous and malt liquors of a questionable quality are sold at high prices, gambling permitted day and night, and the least possible attention paid to the real comfort of the inmates. Of course, things do not remain long in this condition after it is once ascertained that the diggings are likely to be permanent. Competition at once sets in, and more comfortable buildings arise; but, as we repeat, before these additional inducements can be obtained by men of wandering dispositions with, in many instances, plenty of money, can we be surprised at their seeking any innocent pastime? Some hosts attach to their dwellings an ante-chamber, with a few forms or planks laid along for seats, where those who delight in vocal exhibitions and the real free-and-easy principle resort. The most profuse extravagance often used to be indulged in at these concert-rooms when the gold fever first broke out, for suddenly men who had scarcely in the course of their lives known what it was to have a pound to call their own found themselves the owners of thousands. At those times it was when such events took place as diggers lighting their pipes with ten-pound notes, and treating strangers to champagne by dozens at a guinea per bottle.

The town of Geelong, being nearer to Ballarat than Melbourne, was more immediately influenced by this mania; and it was currently reported, so general was the migration from it, that only one of the male sex was left to keep the ladies company. The metropolitan city, although farther from the spot, was very little calmer; at every turn of the streets parties were loading drays and making preparations to start for Ballarat, and the usual salutation given and exchanged between the citizens was, "Well, when are you off?" It was useless to expect any work to be performed, at even extravagant rates. The outfitters could scarcely obtain persons to make cradles and tin dishes to supply the digging parties with those indispensable articles. No city, perhaps, was ever plunged into such a ferment, and the citizens seemed all seized with the same insane thirst for gold. This may be accounted for in some degree by the uncertainty of the intelligence which was continuously reaching Melbourne. The precious metal had undoubtedly been picked up in large quantities; and the people at first naturally imagined that a solid mass had been found, and that there would be a scramble for the gold, and they were all anxious to be in time. It is true that more correct intelligence was propagated through the columns of the newspapers; but little credit was given to these accounts. Gold was there in abundance; and all were anxious to obtain a share of the public wealth and convert it to their own uses.

In these circumstances an immense population accumulated in a very short time, and money being plentiful, and domestic comforts and inducements scarce, it is not to be wondered at that caterers for public amusement should spring up, and accordingly they did. Concert-rooms, theatres, circuses, &c., flourished in the interior of the Australian bush where, a few months previously, the foot of a white man had never been. Our engraving is intended to illustrate one of the evening entertainments on the diggings, where elegance and etiquette are dispensed with for the sake of freedom and comfort.

A. A. S.

DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN FOR GERMANY.—The Queen left Osborne on Tuesday afternoon, and, crossing to Gosport, commenced her journey by the South-Western Railway for the Continent. Her Majesty passed the Waterloo station at a quarter past five in the evening, and from London Bridge proceeded by the North Kent line to Woolwich, where preparations were made for her reception by the authorities and inhabitants. The embarkation took place at six o'clock in the Albert steam-yacht, which conveyed her Majesty and suite to the Victoria and Albert, moored off Greenwich, in which the illustrious voyagers continued their trip to Antwerp, where they arrived on Wednesday evening. The Queen, upon disembarking, was received with cheers by the English residents, and a considerable number of the inhabitants of Antwerp, who had assembled on the quay. Her Majesty proceeded to the railway terminus, and left by train for Lieken.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MR. GYE is said to have withdrawn, for the present, his scheme for establishing an Italian Opera Company. He had, it appears, come to terms with the landlord of Her Majesty's Theatre, but had reckoned without the tenant; and Mr. Mapleson, who has a lease of the building for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, refuses positively to give it up.

The English Opera Company has published its balance-sheet, and we are glad to find that the directors are satisfied with it, and that they propose to recommence operations in the autumn. Among the new works to be brought out next season an opera by Mr. Henry Leslie and another by Mr. George Osborne are mentioned.

The public know very little of the difficulties an operatic composer in England has to deal with. When a composer is about to write an opera, the first thing he has to do is to provide himself with a libretto, or, as he himself calls it, "a book." As "the house," in political language, signifies the House of Commons, and in the language of the poor the workhouse, so to the composer the idea immediately suggested by the word "book" is that of a poem, more or less poetical, in the dramatic form, and arranged so as to present suitable verbal scaffolding on which to construct airs, duets, trios, and other concerted pieces.

For an untired composer to get "a book" is not an easy matter. If he has money enough to buy one on his own account it is a different thing; but, as a rule, the untired composer is not rich; and, unless the operatic "bookmaker" writes merely to pass the time, it is unlikely that he will wait to be paid for his laborious word-breaking until that distant and problematic period when his musical colleague may, by some fortunate accident, have a chance of making his work known to the public. It is no use applying to managers for a "book." It will be time enough to speak to them when the opera—words and music together—is entirely finished, ready for representation, and in the hands of a good music-publisher. Music-publishers, on their part, are not inclined to risk one or two hundred pounds in enabling an unknown composer to make a hazardous experiment, while even if the unknown composer's work be offered to them in all respects complete, they must still be sure, before they incur the heavy expense of engraving it, that it has a good chance of being represented.

Such, between the music-publisher and the manager, is the dilemma in which an unknown composer who can afford to buy a book finds himself when he has bought it and set it to music. Without his book he cannot move a step. He is in the position of a sculptor without marble. When he has advanced to the position of a sculptor who has finished his statue, then there is no exhibition open to him.

But let us take the more ordinary case of a composer who is already favourably known, either by his operatic works or by his productions for the concert-room. The task of procuring the libretto usually falls upon the music-publisher, who arranges the commercial part of the business with the author, who comes to an understanding as to the subject and mode of treatment with the composer; and it is not until the publisher has paid, or engaged to pay, from £100 to £200 for the libretto, and from £600 to £1200 for the music, that the manager is asked to decide whether or not he will put the opera on the stage. The manager has then, to be sure, several hundred pounds to spend on scenery and decorations; but the music-publisher has often quite as much to lay out on the engraving of the work, and, on the whole, it may be said that, next to the composers, it is the music-publishers who have to be thanked that English operas are ever heard at all. It must be remembered that our enterprising English managers, as an almost invariable rule, pay exactly nothing for the right of representing an opera. The manager of an ordinary theatre will give from fifty to one hundred pounds an act for dramas and comedies; but for an opera, even though it draw large audiences for a hundred nights in succession, not a farthing is paid by the theatre to either author or composer.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's annual series of concerts commenced on Monday last, at the Royal Italian Opera. The arrangements in the interior are precisely similar to those of last year. The orchestra occupies its accustomed place in advance of the proscenium, and is filled with a splendid band of instrumentalists, nearly 100 strong. The programme for the opening night was more than usually rich in attractions, and the result was that not merely the promenade behind and in front of the orchestra, but every part of the house—private boxes, amphitheatre, and gallery—was crammed. Beethoven's overture to "Leonora"—the third and grandest of the "Fidelio" set—served at the outset to show the quality of the band. This was followed by M. Gounod's so-called "Meditation" on Bach's first prelude. We should like to know what Bach's meditations would be if he could hear this piece, in which M. Gounod has taken the liberty of wedding a melody of his own to Bach's harmonies. The "Meditation," however, is so popular that we should not be astonished to hear of M. Gounod meditating something else in the same style. In the celebrated buffo air from Rossini's "Cinderella" Signor Farranti was very laughable. Then came a solo on the cornet by Mr. Levy, who has lately informed the public that he is not dead, and who on this occasion displayed considerable vitality. The energetic performance of Mr. Levy (most vigorously applauded) was followed by the scherzo from Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor. Next, Mlle. Liebard sang the air of Violetta in "La Traviata." "Ah! forcé lui!" after which two young ladies (Miss Bertha and Miss Emma Hamilton), appearing for the first time in presence of a London audience, played one of Kalliwoda's violin duets in admirable style. This was the "novelty" of the evening, and it was certainly a very successful one. The audience recalled the Misses Hamilton at the conclusion of the duet, and applauded them with genuine enthusiasm. A selection from "La Favorita," with solos for the cornet (Mr. Levy), violin (Mr. Hill), flute (Mr. Pratten), violoncello (Mr. Collins), oboe (Mr. Barrett), and ophicleide (Mr. Hughes), terminated the first part of the concert. The National Anthem and Mr. Brinley Richards's "God Save the Prince of Wales" were played by way of entr'acte, and the second part of the concert commenced with a spirited and most effective overture by Mr. Alfred Mellon. When the applause called forth by the performance of the overture had ceased, Mlle. Liebard sang, in her most engaging manner, first, "Liebardt Polka," composed expressly for her by Professor Mulder, and afterwards the German song, by Proch, known in English as "The Morning Breaks." In both these pieces Mlle. Liebardt was encased. Mlle. Krieb's pianoforte solo (Liszt's fantasia on the Tarantella and other airs from Auber's "Massaniello") was also redemanded, and the orchestra was called upon to play a second time both the new waltz, by Mr. Godfrey, entitled "Mabel," and the well-known buffo quadrille by Mr. Charles Coote called, with more originality than wit, the "Paul-y-Toole-y-Technic." We can account for the "Paul" and for the "Toole," but not for the two "ys," and least of all for the "technic." Weber's overture to "Abon Hassan" brought a most interesting entertainment to an end. Then Mr. Mellon was called for and loudly applauded. We must add that this popular conductor does not intend that his concerts shall be entirely of a miscellaneous character. On Thursday evening the first part of the programme was devoted entirely to the music of Mendelssohn. On Monday we are to have a "Gounod night," and we shall probably have a "Meyerbeer night" when the selection from "L'Africaine" is ready.

* To "set words to music" is a strange expression; for, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, it is the music that is set to the words. The French expression, *mettre en musique*, is far better.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A splendid specimen of the Lilium auratum of Japan was exhibited at the fortnightly show of new and rare plants which took place in the council-room at South Kensington on Monday. It is said to be the finest plant of the kind that has yet been seen in England, having no less than twenty-nine blooms upon it, the single bulb producing two stems, which bear respectively fifteen and fourteen flowers. It was exhibited by Mr. Veitch, and grown by Mr. Constantine, gardener to Mr. C. Mills, of Hillingdon-court, Uxbridge.

SHOREDITCH WORKHOUSE.

THE following letter has been addressed to the *Times* by the Lancet Commissioner who inspected and reported upon the state of the workhouse at Shoreditch, in reply to a letter from the clerk to the guardians denying the statements made by the writer in reference to that establishment:—

Sir,—The clerk of the guardians of Shoreditch does not wish it to be believed that the statements contained in the *Lancet* report on the infirmary of the Shoreditch workhouse are strictly true; but, on the contrary, that they are grossly exaggerated, and the inferences therefrom, when reflecting on the management, altogether unfair and unwarrantable. As in other parishes whose infirmary management has been described by this commission, the guardians have held a meeting, have obtained exculpatory reports from their official employers, and their clerk now addresses the public in their behalf through your columns.

Having no animus in this matter, and being favourably predisposed towards the managers and officials of this institution by their courteous reception and expressed good-will, I examined the infirmary with the fullest wish to find all that could be expected of good management and care. I found an admirable building in course of construction, a good shell, but with a rotten kernel. The guardians owe me thanks for the candid information which I have given them. Notwithstanding the clerk's abuse, I am quite satisfied that they mean to profit by it.

With your permission, and in as few words as possible, I will, in answer to his official letter, briefly recapitulate the principal facts in my report on which you have commented. They have not been, and cannot be, impugned. I found here a population of 700 souls, including 240 in sick-wards, 130 imbeciles and lunatics, with about as many absolutely infirm; seven eighths of the residue also practically infirm and senile, so that, in fact, as the officials pointed out, the term "able-bodied" was of exceedingly limited application. The medical charge of this great population of sick, infirm, insane, and imbecile is imposed upon one medical officer. He is actively engaged in private practice. He resides not in the house, but in the neighbourhood; he has no assistant; he has to dispense all the medicines. This is done at the close of his visit in the morning, and afterwards he is only to be fetched in case of "urgency." This is a state of things so outrageous that I imagine no one will seriously attempt to justify it. I don't know of any parallel to it. It must be borne in mind, therefore, that the medical disorganisation of this infirmary cannot fairly be charged as a fault against that medical officer, for, had he the power of a Hercules, he could not satisfactorily perform this single-handed the labours incident to the proper administration of what is, in fact, a great hospital.

I found here a staff of pauper female nurses whose average duration in office was stated to be from six to nine months. They come to their work without knowledge; they remain without training; they leave for their own occupations, and to better themselves, for they are unpaid. The male patients are left to the care of men chosen from among the paupers, and to appreciate the unfitness of these wardens for the office of nurses they need to be seen. As a rule they are dirty, uncouth, ignorant, and certainly, in one instance, not only ignorant and neglectful, but lying.

I found the medicine given with shameful, and, so to speak, systematic, irregularity; one nurse, on her own avowal, gave it irrespective of directions, three times, twice, or once a day, according to her own opinion of the cases, and without taking the doctor into her councils.

I found the dressings applied with a total neglect of ordinary skill and precaution. As an illustration, not one of the very numerous wet and water dressings was covered with oil, silk, or any similar tissue, but the rags were allowed to stick to the wounds. I saw no bandage throughout all the wards, but the dressings were tied on with a piece of string or a strip of rag. Several of the nurses to whom I spoke told me that they had never used a surgical bandage, and did not understand their application.

There are no night nurses throughout the whole establishment. A few words concerning the particular cases as to which the clerk wishes it to be believed that in dealing with them I grossly exaggerated the real facts. I adopt those which in your remarks you have selected as of leading value:—

"A poor fellow lying very dangerously ill with gangrene of the leg had no medicine for three days, because, as the male nurse said, his mouth had been sore. The doctor had not been made acquainted either with the fact that the man's mouth was sore or that he had not had the medicines ordered for him, and of course, under such a system as we have described, he had not found it out for himself. A woman, also very ill, had not had her medicine for two days, because the very infirm old lady in the next bed, who, it seemed, was appointed by the nurse to fulfil this duty, had been too completely bedridden to rise and give it to her."

Now, Sir, I saw that man and that woman a second time, and this time I was not alone, but in company with a gentleman, like myself, attached to a public hospital, and associated with me in the commission. On this second visit, more than a week after my first, as we entered the ward where the woman in question lay, we were saluted by the incoherent and noisy address of a rather troublesome lunatic, who started up from the couch of the bedridden old lady on the left of the door, and was ordered by her, with the most amusing assumption of authority, to sit down again on the couch.

Here, then, was our bedridden and aged dame in discharge now of two of the nurses' functions. She was supposed, while lying in bed, to be keeping in order this active and troublesome imbecile, and she was still more or less regularly rising to administer the medicines to her yet more completely disabled companion in sickness on the other side of the door. Far from exaggerating the facts, I omitted in my report these accidental details, which yet help to finish the history, and supply a bitter condemnation of the system of nursing. Then, again, the man above mentioned was still neglected, as above described, on the occasion of my second visit, as he had been for the three days prior to my first, although I had specially called attention then to the fact. I might mention other cases as striking. I saw, in another ward, the whole incubation of insanity in process, and the patient cruelly neglected. He had met with serious reverses of fortune, and was in that stage when mental disorder is curable. He had a sore on the leg, which was uncovered and without dressing, because, as the nurse said, he would keep nothing on him. His bed was filthy foul, yet the nurse vainly protested that the sheets had been changed on the previous day—a very obvious and egregious falsehood, as he ultimately acknowledged. This man alone was in a state which would condemn the infirmary in which so wretched a spectacle was possible.

As to the unhappy men with sloughing backs, the clerk will vainly attempt to show that to put on a rag wet with lotion, and to place such a patient, without air or water cushion, without appliances to take off pressure or to keep the dressings moist, on a hard straw bed, is any other than a cruel and disgraceful proceeding. I repeat that these men were in that miserable condition; that the wound of one especially, which was both broad and deep, was foul and putrid, and the rag sticking to it; and that only this rag separated it from the hard bed. To cover the stench a dry deodoriser was strewn on the floor beneath the bedstead. It is to me a new view of the case that this treatment was justifiable because the poor relatives, who know really very little about such matters, made no complaint.

LORD MALMESBURY AND MR. GLADSTONE.—A correspondence has passed between Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Gladstone which is not without an element of public interest. His Lordship complains of a passage in one of Mr. Gladstone's Liverpool speeches, in which, as he says, the undivided odium of the Peiho disaster, in 1859, was attached to him, as Lord Derby's Foreign Secretary. The Chancellor attributed that disaster to the policy which dispatched Mr. Bruce to the mouth of the Peiho with a large and menacing fleet. Lord Malmesbury, in reply, represents Lord Russell as approving of the measures which he adopted, but the passage which he quotes is far from bearing the interpretation he puts upon it, and if it did it would not shift the original responsibility from him. These points are, however, all irrelevant to the issue which was raised by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli had charged the present Government with having greatly augmented the expenditure of 1860, as compared with that of 1858-9, when Lord Derby was in power, whereas Mr. Gladstone showed that the increase was occasioned, not by extravagance on the part of the Ministry of which he is a member, but by the expense to which the country was put in consequence of the Peiho disaster, the policy which led to that disaster being one for which the Tory leaders were alone responsible.

THE ART-EXHIBITION AT ALTON TOWERS.—Additions continue to be made to the exhibition, which, thanks to both old and new friends, is growing in interest and extent almost daily. Among the latest contributions are twenty-one large water colours, by the late W. Hunt, which will form a most valuable and attractive feature of the exhibition, already rich in water colours. Another interesting object, which has recently been added, is a beautiful carved wood cradle (by Rogers) lent by her Majesty, and several other fine specimens of wood-carving by the same artist have also been placed in the octagon-room. A number of fresh oil paintings have been lately added to the very excellent collection of pictures which cover the walls of the picture-gallery. It need not be said that two or three hours may be most pleasantly and profitably spent in the exhibition, which, by the way, is, after all, but one feature of a visit to Alton Towers at the present time. The magnificent gardens, which are almost unequalled in beauty in the country, are, by the liberality of the noble owner of the estate, thrown open to visitors, who are at liberty, without any additional charge, and without any surveillance, to ramble through them at leisure; and a view is of itself something to be appreciated and remembered. The attendance at the exhibition so far has been numerous, and in proportion as it and the gardens have become more widely known has increased. Large numbers of people have been brought from distant places by excursion-trains, and not a few of the residents of Birmingham and the midland counties have paid a visit to the Towers. If the weather should keep fine there is no doubt that the exhibition will be a decided success, and that the promoters will accomplish the object they have in view to raise funds sufficient for the completion of the Burslem memorial to Josiah Wedgwood, which is expected this exhibition, combined with the bazaar to be held in September at Alton Towers, will realise.

LAW AND CRIME.

A YANKEE quack lately hit upon a novel means of obtaining money from the credulous. He obtained premises fronting the Strand, and having collected there a quantity of waxwork chiefly illustrative of morbid anatomy, freaks of nature, and heads of murderers, threw his delightful gallery open to the British public, inviting their inspection by announcing it as a "museum"—"admission free." A man in a kind of official livery was—until but a few days since—placed outside as a tout to invite the hesitating to enter the uninviting "museum," also to distribute pamphlets calculated to terrify nervous persons and to induce them to believe in the curative powers of a certain "Dr. Lowe," who—like the effigy of Franz Müller—was to be seen within. A certain trial, held at Croydon on Thursday and Friday last week, has fortunately enabled metropolitan journalists to warn their readers against this "Dr. Lowe." The man has long been known to most persons acquainted with London life as a quack, an impostor, and a nuisance. His sham "museum" was instituted only as a decoy to the ignorant and unwary. He himself is no doctor, but an illiterate humbug, who, on payment of two guineas to some "bogus" medical association in Yankeeedom, obtained his spurious diploma. We have no desire to enter into the details of the trial at Croydon, in which this precious "doctor" was compelled to give an account of himself and his "museum." We may, however, mention that he was proved to have obtained from a young man, a waiter, fees amounting to nearly £40, for the cure of some disease, which may or may not have been imaginary or hypochondriacal, but which Lowe converted by the administration of vile mineral medicaments into a permanent injury to the constitution of the patient. It was let out upon the trial that Lowe had recently engaged a qualified surgeon named Abercrombie, to act as his "protector." This appears to be the title accorded to those professional men who for a consideration are willing to allow unqualified practitioners to act under their sanction. Abercrombie was in court during part of the trial, but prudently made his escape in time to avoid being put into the witness-box. It is to be hoped, however, that his connection with Lowe will not escape the proper attention of the medical authorities. Lowe's own counsel, Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, even while defending him in this particular instance, was unsparing in his denunciation of the ordinary practices of his client. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £100, and this judgment had its effect upon another action set down for trial at the same Assizes. In the latter a verdict was taken by consent for £70. Immediately hereupon, the dismal museum was closed. A subsequent application for immediate execution against the defendant, who had advertised the sale of his effects, was granted by the Judge. A card, put into our hand while passing along the Strand, may furnish some evidence that the "museum" nuisance is not yet extinct. It runs as follows:—

Admit bearer to private view of the London Anatomical Museum, 29, George-street, Hanover-square, London. The largest collection in the world. Lecture at three precisely. For gentlemen only.

It is to be hoped that the wealthy parish of St. George, Hanover-square, will not be so supine as that of St. Clement Danes in dealing with such matters. A case of great interest to chemists and druggists was tried at Croydon. A journeyman painter was attacked by a disease common to men of his trade, and known as "painters' colic." This disorder is the natural and inevitable result of the absorption into the system of the emanations of whitelead, turpentine, varnishes, and rancid oil. The painter, named Jones, went to a chemist and druggist named Fray, and Mr. Fray furnished him with certain medicaments, but recommended him to obtain medical attendance and advice. Jones subsequently brought an action against Mr. Fray for having caused him to be salivated and seriously disordered in body. The chief evidence in the case was a box of pills; and it was proved that these pills contained mercury, being, in fact, the common blue pill. The defendant admitted that the box had come from his shop, but deposed that he had never administered blue pill to the plaintiff. As reported, the evidence upon the material point, as to whether the defendant had administered these pills to the defendant, strikes us as being curiously defective. Still, the jury might well hesitate to adopt the shocking suggestion that blue pills had been substituted, fraudulently and in aid of the action, for the harmless if not beneficial medicaments supplied by the defendant. This was a matter for the jury, who saw the plaintiff, sickly, debilitated, and all but prostrate, in the witness-box, and returned a verdict in his favour, with £100 damages, in spite of Mr. Fray's evidence that he had never administered mercury in any shape or form to the plaintiff. From the verdict of the jury it is not for us to express dissent, since such expression might be hazardous. But we would beg to point out that such verdict assumes the right of the "chemist and druggist" to prescribe in his own shop. This has long been a contested point. Now, if Mr. Fray had no right to prescribe, he could not have been rendered liable for damages. This may seem paradoxical, but is not really so. If one man employ another out of the vocation professed by the latter, say a bricklayer to draw a tooth, there can be no action for negligence or unskillfulness. Therefore, the verdict against Mr. Fray is a judicial acknowledgment that the chemist and druggist may lawfully prescribe in his own shop. It does not follow that he may charge for prescribing, but the charge which he places upon his medicaments (whether the ingredients be known or unknown to the purchaser) may surely be at his own discretion, as it is at that of the purchaser to accept or refuse them.

POLICE.

A BOY ON THE TRAMP.—A poor intelligent boy applied to Alderman Sir Robert Carden for advice and assistance. He brought with him a well-written letter from an inmate of the West London Union Workhouse, where he had spent Tuesday night, commending him to the consideration of the Lord Mayor. The boy's name was Robert Banks, and he said he was sixteen. He stated, in reply to questions, that he had walked from Irthingborough, some miles beyond Northampton, all the way to London, except when he was taken into a passing cart now and then, and that his object was to get employment in London at his trade of a shoemaker and eventually to work his passage to Sydney, where his mother lives. About six o'clock on Friday evening he left Irthingborough, where he had worked for about a month, to come to London, with 7d. in his

pocket. He slept that night in a field, and resumed his journey early next morning. The town clock struck four as he passed through Wellingborough. About eight he reached Northampton, a distance of ten miles, where he bought a threepenny loaf and some cheese, and then continued his walk. Towards evening he had reached a place called Brickhill, and he again slept in a field. On Sunday morning he continued his journey. He was overtaken in the course of the day by a man who walked with him to Dunstable, and not only shared with him some bread and meat on the way, but, like a good Samaritan, paid for a lodging there for him at night. The boy started afresh on Monday morning, and, with an occasional lift which he got in a cart, appears to have travelled about thirty miles that day. About half past ten in the evening, finding himself in the neighbourhood of Holloway, he crept into a cabyard, where he spent the remainder of the night, having only a bit of bread left, and then pushed on to London next morning. An entire stranger, and without a friend, he wandered about the whole of Tuesday, and towards dusk he lay down to sleep in a doorway, where he was awakened by a policeman and taken to the West London Union Workhouse. The lad explained that about thirteen years ago his father abandoned his mother and went to Australia; that his mother went there in search of him about six years since, and had started business as a bonnet-maker in Sydney, whither he wished to go. He and an only sister, now eighteen years of age, a schoolmistress at Luton, had been left behind, and since the death of his grandmother, about two years ago, he had supported himself by shoe-making. He was a decently-dressed boy, in good condition, and, when asked, readily showed his hands in proof that he had worked for his bread.

Alderman Sir Robert Carden directed the applicant to be taken to the workhouse again until inquiries could be made as to the truth of his story.

FALSE WITNESS.—ALLEGED OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN BY A PARK CONSTABLE.—George Walters, who wore on his breast the Victoria cross and a Crimean medal with five bars, was charged on a summons with unlawfully assaulting Mr. Henry Percy Berry, a young gentleman residing at 81, Adelaide-road, St. John's Wood.

Complainant deposed that, on the evening of July 20, he and some ladies and gentlemen had a boating excursion on the ornamental water, Regent's Park. At twenty minutes to nine o'clock the whole of the party went to one of the exit gates near the Zoological Gardens. The gate was locked, and, according to the statements made by some twenty people who were waiting to get out, it had been locked for some time. Being desirous that the ladies should not wait there for an indefinite period, he got over the gate, and as he was getting over a second gate, for the purpose of going to the inspector's lodge, defendant came up, seized him by the throat, and after violently shaking him, said he should take him into custody and charge him with an assault. After offering the constable his card, which was rejected, he asked to be taken before Mr. Edwards, the superintendent, at North Lodge, but this was refused, and he was led to the police station by defendant, another park constable, and a drunken cabman, who said he was a detective. On the way to the station-house he was kicked and knocked about in a most disgraceful manner, the result being his body and arms were bruised and his coat torn. On the following day he was charged before the magistrate for assaulting defendant, and discharged.

Cross-examined.—He did not know he was a wrongdoer in getting over the gate. It was not true that he used any bad language, neither did he strike defendant or offer any provocation whatever, or resist in any way. He was perfectly sober at the time.

Two well-dressed young men, named Edward Castle and Mathias Milner, fully corroborated complainant's story. Both averred that they were strangers to complainant.

Mr. Johnson addressed the Bench at considerable length, after which he called a cabman named John Holder, who said he was a retired sergeant from the metropolitan police force. A little after nine o'clock on the night of the 20th of July he was passing by the North Lodge, Regent's Park, when he saw the complainant and defendant struggling together. The latter called for his assistance, saying complainant had assaulted him. He did assist, and as complainant not only used bad language but was exceedingly violent, they were compelled to get the assistance of another park constable before they could get him to the station. On the way through defendant told complainant he was tearing his coat through his own violence, when the latter replied in very offensive terms. He never saw a man exhibit more civility and forbearance than did defendant on the occasion, and he never saw a man behave more violently than complainant did.

John Woodgett, night watchman at the park, fully indorsed the evidence of last witness. Mr. Mansfield, in the course of a long summing-up, said that when the young gentleman was brought before him on the charge of assaulting the present defendant he was of opinion then that the evidence given in support of the charge was one tissue of falsehoods, and therefore he dismissed the charge. On this occasion the complainant and his witnesses had given their testimony in a manner stamped with the impress of truth, and it was his opinion that a most infamous outrage had been committed in hauling him through the streets in the ruffianly manner described by the two young men called by the complainant. He could not adequately give expression to his feelings of indignation at the manner in which the cabman had given his evidence. In fact, from beginning to end, it was a base lie and a fabrication. Defendant must pay £4, or go to prison for one month.

TRIAL FOR MURDER IN FRANCE.

THE Assize Court of Douai has been occupied with the trial of a murderer named Manesse, who killed five persons with a hatchet and left a sixth for dead in so incredibly short a space of time that, until he made a full confession, the public refused to believe in the possibility of the crimes of which he was accused. About a year ago, in the case of Bastide Desplas, it was seriously argued by the counsel for the defence that no one man was ever known to kill so many as four persons immediately one after the other, and that the thing was impossible. But in the present instance it is beyond a doubt that Manesse actually killed, like oxen, no less than six people, without a moment's pause, breaking the skulls of two of them with a single blow each, killing three others with many wounds, and grievously injuring the remaining one of the party. On the 17th of March last, at about seven in the evening, a bloody drama appalled the inhabitants of the commune of Favril.

The first victim was Isidore Largillière, a farmer, of Favril, aged forty-eight. He was found in a stable, with his face smashed and one eye knocked out. The second was his son, a lad of eighteen, whose body was found by the side of that of his father; his skull was split up, and a part of the brain had escaped from it. The third was Albine Largillière, sister of the last, a young girl of nineteen. She appears to have been struck down as she was running away from the house; there were eight wounds on her head, two of which had fractured the skull. The fourth was Desirée Largillière, aged forty-two, the sister of Isidore, who lived next door to him; she had five wounds on the head, by two of which the skull was broken. The fifth was Leopoldine Largillière, aged sixteen, daughter of Desirée; she was wounded in the head in two places, and from one of them the brain protruded. Desirée and Leopoldine were knocked down on the threshold of Isidore's house, to which they were probably hastening when they heard the cries of the other victims. Mme. Largillière, aged thirty-eight, the only one of the family destined to survive the massacre, had four wounds in the head and a fifth under the chin, which occasioned a fracture of the left part of the lower jaw. She was found senseless, lying on the ground, with her head against the open door of the house, from which the murderer had fled. The motive assigned was that Manesse, a small farmer, whose property was mortgaged and who was over head and ears in debt, was one of the heirs of the Largillière family by virtue of his marriage with one of Largillière's sisters, and that he was anxious to hasten the succession. He made various confessions, telling lies in all of them. In one of his confessions he sought to implicate as an

accomplice a brother-in-law, named Fresse, who was a co-heir of the Largillières; but at the trial he withdrew this accusation and admitted that he alone was concerned in the murder. The presiding Judge endeavoured to make him confess that he deliberately planned from the first the murder of the whole family, in order to get his share of the property of all of them. But he persisted, and in this he probably spoke the truth, that he only meant to kill the head of the family, Isidore, and that after striking him down in the stable, he killed all the others to prevent them from giving evidence against him. He also represented—and this seems to be, on reading the report, not improbable—that it was not with a view to inherit from Isidore Largillière that he killed him, but because he had had a dispute with him about the distribution of a relation's property, which had been so managed as to give Largillière two horses more than he was entitled to. He alleged that he had been drinking a great deal, and admitted, in answer to the leading question of the Judge, that he was also drunk with blood, and that one murder led him on to another. It is a most extraordinary thing that this unparalleled series of murders should have been perpetrated at an early hour of the evening, in a hamlet where there were several houses, and yet that the murderer should have got clear away, walked to a distant village with a view to establish an alibi, come back to his wife and daughter at his house on the scene of his crimes, attended the funeral of his victims, and not been arrested till several days after the deed. At last public suspicion pointed at him on account of his violent character. Everybody said there was no body in Favril but Manesse who could have done it. At length the police collected a number of small proofs which they thought justified his arrest, and his confession soon supplied the link wanting.

Manesse is fifty-two years of age, a man of herculean strength, and with an impediment in his speech. He stuttered so much during his examination as to be often unintelligible. The telegraph which brings the result of the trial says that he seemed totally unmoved when sentenced to death.

HORRID MURDERS.—A most cruel murder has been committed in a coffee-house in Red Lion-street, Holborn. On Monday evening a man took three children to the coffee-house, and asked if they could have a bed. He said they were going to Australia, and wanted accommodation for a night or two. A bed was found for the children, who next morning were down stairs by six o'clock. At eight o'clock the man returned and breakfasted with them, at one o'clock he gave them dinner, and in the evening they had tea. He then offered to put them to bed himself, and that night they went to sleep—the two younger children in one room and the eldest in another. About nine o'clock in the evening the man returned and asked for a candle to go up and see the children. A candle was given to him and he went up stairs, where he remained a short time, and then came down and went away. On Wednesday morning, as the children did not come down stairs, a chambermaid went to their rooms and found them dead. They had evidently been suffocated. On inquiries being made, their father was found. He and his wife are separated, and it is supposed that the murderer is the man with whom the wife has been living. The name of the father and mother of the children is White, and that of the murderer Southey. On Thursday afternoon a telegram was received at Scotland-yard, from Superintendent Levie, of the Ramsgate police, to the effect that Ernest Southey was in custody there on a charge of having murdered a woman and child. It has subsequently transpired that the child referred to was the sister of the three boys who were murdered in Red Lion-street. It has also been ascertained that the last place at which the prisoner and Mrs. White cohabited was Putney, whence the latter ran away, leaving Southey ignorant as to her whereabouts. This seems greatly to have distracted the wretched man, and it would appear that, after having perpetrated his murderous work on Tuesday night, he must have proceeded direct to Ramsgate, where he by chance met with Mrs. White, and afterwards, in a fit of fury, put an end to her existence and that of the child.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

GREAT inactivity has prevailed in the Stock Exchange during the week. In Home Stocks very little has been passing, and prices have been a trifle easier. Consols, 104½; 105; 105½; 106; 106½; 107; 107½; 108; 108½; 109; 109½; 110; 110½; 111; 111½; 112; 112½; 113; 113½; 114; 114½; 115; 115½; 116; 116½; 117; 117½; 118; 118½; 119; 119½; 120; 120½; 121; 121½; 122; 122½; 123; 123½; 124; 124½; 125; 125½; 126; 126½; 127; 127½; 128; 128½; 129; 129½; 130; 130½; 131; 131½; 132; 132½; 133; 133½; 134; 134½; 135; 135½; 136; 136½; 137; 137½; 138; 138½; 139; 139½; 140; 140½; 141; 141½; 142; 142½; 143; 143½; 144; 144½; 145; 145½; 146; 146½; 147; 147½; 148; 148½; 149; 149½; 150; 150½; 151; 151½; 152; 152½; 153; 153½; 154; 154½; 155; 155½; 156; 156½; 157; 157½; 158; 158½; 159; 159½; 160; 160½; 161; 161½; 162; 162½; 163; 163½; 164; 164½; 165; 165½; 166; 166½; 167; 167½; 168; 168½; 169; 169½; 170; 170½; 171; 171½; 172; 172½; 173; 173½; 174; 174½; 175; 175½; 176; 176½; 177; 177½; 178; 178½; 179; 179½; 180; 180½; 181; 181½; 182; 182½; 183; 183½; 184; 184½; 185; 185½; 186; 186½; 187; 187½; 188; 188½; 189; 189½; 190; 190½; 191; 191½; 192; 192½; 193; 193½; 194; 194½; 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